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COPY 2

EPISTLES,

From P. Douglass
ODES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

TANTI NON ES, AIS. SAPIES, LUPERCE.

MARTIAL, Lib. i, Epig. 118.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN WATTS:

1806.

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TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

General in His Majesty's Forces, Master-General of the Ordnance, Constable of the Tower, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

IT is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan; "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall therefore be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present.

I am,

MY LORD,

With every feeling of attachment and respect,

Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

27, Bury Street, St. James's,
April 10, 1806.

2500

ΠΕΡΙΠΛΕΥΣΑΙ ΜΕΝ ΠΟΛΛΑΣ ΠΟΛΕΙΣ ΚΑΛΟΝ, ΕΝΟΙΚΗΣΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΗ
ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΗ ΧΡΗΣΙΜΟΝ.

Plutarch. περι παιδων αγωγης.

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PREFACE.

THE principal poems in the following Collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression, which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the City of Washington and Lake Erie.* How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which

* Epistles VI, VII, and VIII.

PREFACE.

my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given ; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America, with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression ; as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "*intentata nites.*" Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature ;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity, which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse ; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party whose views ap-

peared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance ; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust, if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride, of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince ; for the limits of a preface will not allow me to enter into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for

himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms, as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic ; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy, which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

EPISTLE I.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

Aboard the Phaeton frigate, off the Azores, by Moonlight.*

SWEET Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,†
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there,
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend!

* From Captain Cockburn, who commanded this "Phaeton, that whipp'd me to the West," I received such kind attentions as I must ever remember with gratitude.

† Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror. See *Bayle, Art. Pythag.*

Oh STRANGFORD ! when we parted last,
 I little thought the times were past,
 For ever past, when brilliant joy
 Was all my vacant heart's employ :
 When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
 We thought the rapid hours too few,
 Our only use for knowledge then
 To turn to rapture all we knew !
 Delicious days of whim and soul !

When, mingling lore and laugh together,
 We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
 And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather !
 I little thought that all were fled,
 That, ere that Summer's bloom was shed,
 My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
 That wafts me to the Western World !

But, oh ! 'twas time—in youth, awhile,
 To cool the season's burning smile,
 The heart may let its wanton wing
 Repose in Pleasure's soft'ning spring ;
 But, if it wait for Winter's breeze,
 The spring will dry, the heart will freeze !
 And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
 Oh ! she awak'd such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,

That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter hopes could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wanderer more ! *

Even now delusive Hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing, as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep !
 Oh! such a blessed night as this,
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here !
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides !
 The only envious cloud that lowers,
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height, †

* Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th Carmen of this Poet:

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
 Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt !

† Pico is a very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
 And scowling at this heav'n of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form !

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
 Invisible, at this soft hour,
 And see the looks, the melting smiles,
 That brighten many an orange bower ;
 And could I lift each pious veil,
 And see the blushing cheek it shades,
 Oh ! I should have full many a tale,
 To tell of young Azorian maids.*

Dear STRANGFORD ! at this hour, perhaps,
 Some faithful lover (not so blest
 As they, who in their ladies' laps
 May cradle every wish to rest,)
 Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
 Those madrigals, of breath divine,
 Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole
 And gave, all glowing warm, to thine ! †
 Oh ! could the lover learn from thee,
 And breathe them with thy graceful tone,

* I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

† These islands belong to the Portuguese.

Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own !

But, hark !—the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell :
Eight bells !—the middle watch is set ;
Good night, my STRANGFORD !—ne'er forget
That, far beyond the Western Sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee !

STANZAS.

Θυμὸς δὲ ποτ' ἔμεινεν.....

.....μὴ προσφάνει τάδε·

Γινώσκω τανδραπείαν μὴ σέβειν αὐτήν.

Æschyl. Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the West,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er !

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled !

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh ;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I !

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray ;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away !

And I pray'd of that Spirit, who lighted the flame,
 That pleasure no more might its purity dim ;
 And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
 I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him !

The thought was extatic ! I felt as if Heaven
 Had already the wreath of eternity shown ;
 As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
 My heart had begun to be purely its own !

I look'd to the West, and the beautiful sky
 Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more—
 “ Oh ! thus,” I exclaim'd, “ can a heavenly Eye
 “ Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before !”

THE
TELL-TALE LYRE.

I'VE heard there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heaven to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breath'd again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly song so much
As they were dreams of heavenly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The soothings it awaken'd there
Were eloquence from Pity's soul!

9

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
 Was but the breath of fancied woes,
 The string, that felt its airy flight,
 Soon whisper'd it to bland repose!

And oh! when lovers burn'd alone,
 If, 'mid their bliss, the Lyre was near,
 It made their murmurs all its own,
 And echoed notes that heav'n might hear!

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd,
 But dar'd not tell the world how well:
 The shades, where she at evening rov'd
 Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight-time, she stole
 So oft, to make the dear-one blest,
 Whom love had giv'n her virgin soul,
 And nature soon gave all the rest!

Within a cave, where many an hour
 Their bliss had found its secret bed,
 A Lyre, of this enchanted power,
 Hung, nightly-wispering o'er their head!

Oh! think, with every breath that mov'd
 From lips, so thrilling warm as theirs,
 Think how, with every sigh, it lov'd
 To mingle its dissolving airs!

And oft, as passion's milder fire
 Could love's communing calm allow,
 The youth would make the grateful Lyre
 A pillow for his angel's brow!

And while the melting vows she breath'd
 On all its echoes wanton'd round,
 Her hair, amid the strings enwreath'd,
 Through golden mazes charm'd the sound!

Alas! their hearts but little thought,
 While thus entranc'd they listening lay,
 That every sound the Lyre was taught
 Should linger long, and long betray!

Yet, who can blame the guiltless Lyre?
 Long had its spirit learn'd to dwell
 On every accent of desire,
 That from their lips unconscious fell;

The falter'd name, the murmuring play,
 The bashful sigh, the chiding dear,
 The lisping things that love will say,
 And all but love will blush to hear!

Till, so commingled with its soul
 Was every blissful breathing grown,
 That other sighs, unanswer'd stole,
 Nor chang'd the sweet, the treasur'd tone.

Unhappy nymph ! thy hallow'd name
 To every whispering lip was sigh'd;
 Thy secret vow, thy pleas of shame
 On every ear in murmurs died !

The fatal Lyre, by envy's hand
 Hung high amid the breezy groves,
 To every passing gale that fann'd
 Betray'd the mystery of your loves !

Yet oh !—not many a suffering hour,
 Thy cup of shame by man was giv'n ;
 Benignly came some pitying power,
 And took the Lyre and thee to heaven !

There, as thy lover dries the tear
 Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
 Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
 The luckless Lyre's remember'd songs !

Still do your happy souls attune
 The notes it learn'd, on earth, to move ;
 Still, breathing o'er the chords, commune
 In sympathies of angel love !

TO

THE FLYING-FISH.*

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
 O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
 And give those scales, of silver white,
 So gaily to the eye of light,
 As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
 And live amid the glorious skies ;
 Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal
 Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
 Upon the world's ignoble breast,
 But takes the plume that God has given,
 And rises into light and heaven !

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters ; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance, which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them ; συγγενειαν τοις ψαρομενοις προς τα πτηνα. With this thought in our minds when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

But when I see that wing, so bright,
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,
 Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
 And sink into the waves again ;
 Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
 But erring man must blush to think,
 Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below ;
 But, when I leave the grosser throng
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there !

EPISTLE II.

TO

MISS M****E.

From Norfolk, in Virginia, November, 1803.

IN days, my KARE, when life was new,
 When, lull'd with innocence and you,
 I heard, in home's beloved shade,
 The din the world at distance made;
 When, every night my weary head
 Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
 And, mild as evening's matron hour
 Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
 A mother saw our eyelids close,
 And blest them into pure repose!
 Then, haply, if a week, a day,
 I linger'd from your arms away,
 How long the little absence seem'd!
 How bright the look of welcome beam'd,

As mute you heard, with eager smile,
 My tales of all that pass'd the while !
 Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
 Rolls wide between that home and me ;
 The moon may thrice be born and die,
 Ere ev'n your seal can reach mine eye ;
 And oh ! even then, that darling seal,
 (Upon whose print I used to feel
 The breath of home, the cordial air
 Of loved lips, still freshly there !)
 Must come, alas ! through every fate
 Of time and distance, cold and late,
 When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
 The leaf with sweetness, may be chill'd !
 But hence, that gloomy thought ! at last,
 Beloved Kate ! the waves are past :
 I tread on earth securely now,
 And the green cedar's living bough
 Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
 Than could a Claude's divinest dies !
 At length I touch the happy sphere
 To liberty and virtue dear,
 Where man looks up, and proud to claim
 His rank within the social frame,
 Sees a grand system round him roll,
 Himself its centre, sun and soul !
 Far from the shocks of Europe ; far
 From every wild, elliptic star

That, shooting with a devious fire,
 Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
 So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
 The systems of the ancient world !

The warrior here, in arms no more,
 Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
 And glorying in the rights they won
 For hearth and altar, sire and son,
 Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
 His sleeping sword's remember'd pride !
 While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
 Walks o'er the free unlorded soil,
 Effacing with her splendid share
 The drops that war had sprinkled there !
 Thrice happy land ! where he who flies
 From the dark ills of other skies,
 From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
 May shelter him in proud repose !
 Hope sings along the yellow sand
 His welcome to a patriot land ;
 At once, the mighty wood receives
 The stranger in its world of leaves,
 Which soon their barren glory yield
 To the warm shed and cultur'd field ;
 And he, who came, of all bereft,
 To whom malignant fate had left

Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here!

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That long the spell of fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not, if truth will seal
The reveries of fancy's zeal,
If yet, my charmed eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace! *
Never did youth, who lov'd a face

* Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky, by Imlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom, had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent viola-

From portrait's rosy, flattering art,
 Recoil with more regret of heart,
 To find an owlet eye of grey,
 Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
 Than I have felt, indignant felt,
 To think the glorious dreams should melt,
 Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
 Have wrapt me to this wond'rous clime !

But, courage ! yet, my wavering heart,
 Blame not the temple's meanest part,*
 Till you have trac'd the fabric o'er :—
 As yet, we have beheld no more
 Than just the porch to Freedom's fane,
 And, though a sable drop may stain

tions of neutrality, to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

* Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia, in general, are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived, the yellow-fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation. It is in truth a most disagreeable place, and the best the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds in dogs, in negroes, and in democrats. For further particulars see Weld and Liancourt.

The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
 To doubt there's holiness within !
 So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
 To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
 Can claim more interest in my soul
 Than all the powers from pole to pole)
 One word at parting ; in the tone
 Most sweet to you, and most my own.
 The simple notes I send you here,*
 Though rude, my love, would still be dear,
 If you but knew the trance of thought,
 In which my mind their murmurs caught.
 'Twas one of those enchanting dreams,
 That lull me oft, when music seems
 To pour the soul in sound along,
 And turn its every sigh to song !
 I thought of home, the according lays
 Respir'd the breath of happier days ;
 Warmly in every rising note
 I felt a sweet remembrance float,
 Till, led by music's fairy chain,
 I wander'd back to home again !
 Oh ! love the song, and let it oft
 Live on your lip, in warble soft !
 Say that it tells you, simply well,
 All I have bid its murmurs tell,

* A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.

Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
 The tinge of joy, when joy is fled,
 And all the heart's illusive hoard
 Of love renew'd and friends restor'd !
 Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless air,
 And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,*
 Are all the gifts I yet can boast
 To send you from Columbia's coast ;
 But, when the sun, with warmer smile,
 Shall light me to my destin'd isle,†
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
 In which the gentle spirit drew
 From honey-flowers the morning dew !

* The poems, which immediately follow.

† Bermuda.

TO

CARA,

After an Interval of Absence.

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew, to cull her rustic food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her path-way rise,
The mother roams, astray and weeping;
Far from the weak appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen,
And gentler blows the night-wind's breath;
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
The baby may be chill'd to death!

Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
 Dim by death's eternal chill—
 And yet, perhaps, they are not faded,
 Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul, with parting sigh,
 Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
 And, timid, ask'd that speaking eye,
 If parting pain'd thee half so much,

I thought, and, oh! forgive the thought,
 For who, by eyes like thine inspir'd,
 Could e'er resist the flattering fault
 Of fancying what his soul desir'd?

Yes—I *did* think, in CARA's mind,
 Though yet to CARA's mind unknown,
 I left one infant wish behind,
 One feeling, which I call'd my own!

Oh blest! though but in fancy blest,
 How did I ask of pity's care,
 To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
 The nursling I had cradled there.

And, many an hour beguil'd by pleasure,
 And many an hour of sorrow numbering,

I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
Haply, it yet a throb may give—

Yet, no—perhaps a doubt has kill'd it!
Oh, CARA!—*does* the infant live?

TO

CARA,

On the Dawning of a New Year's Day.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
 We sigh'd to think it thus should take
 The hours it gave us—hours as dear
 As sympathy and love could make
 Their blessed moments! every sun
 Saw us, my love, more closely one!

But, CARA, when the dawn was nigh
 Which came another year to shed,
 The smile we caught from eye to eye
 Told us, those moments were not fled;
 Oh no!—we felt, some future sun
 Should see us still more closely one!

Thus may we ever, side by side,
 From happy years to happier glide,
 And still, my CARA, may the sigh
 We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
 Be follow'd by the smiling eye,
 That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

TO

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.*

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
 That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
 Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
 That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
 That, in short, you're a woman; your lip and your breast
 As mortal as ever were tasted or prest!
 But I will not believe them—no, science! to you
 I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
 Still flying from Nature, to study her laws,
 And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
 You forget how superior, for mortals below,
 Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
 Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
 Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
 How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
 Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh!

* This and the subsequent poem have appeared in the public prints.

Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
 Than written, with HARVEY, whole volumes upon it?
 No—no—but for you, my invisible love,
 I will swear, you are one of those spirits, that rove
 By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
 When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
 And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
 Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue !
 Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
 Can hallow his harp, or ennoble its tone;
 Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
 His song to the world let him utter unseen,
 And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
 Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears !
 Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
 In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
 To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
 Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh !
 Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
 I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
 And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
 To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
 We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
 As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
 In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.

And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
 When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid is light,
 You shall come to my pillow, and tell me of love,
 Such as angel to angel might whisper above !
 Oh spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
 Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
 The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
 With her essence for ever my heart and my mind !
 Though lonely, and far from the light of her smile,
 An exile and weary and hopeless the while,
 Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
 I will think at that moment my CARA is near ;
 That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
 And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
 And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
 For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh !
 Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
 It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour ;
 And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
 Hope, fancy, and CARA, may smile for me still !

PEACE AND GLORY.

Written at the Commencement of the present War.

WHERE is now the smile, that lighten'd
 Every hero's couch of rest?
 Where is now the hope, that brighten'd
 Honor's eye and pity's breast?
 Have we lost the wreath we braided
 For our weary warrior-men?
 Is the faithless olive faded?
 Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather
 Lovely, in your light awhile,
 Peace and Glory, wed together,
 Wander'd through the blessed isle.
 And the eyes of peace would glisten,
 Dewy as the morning sun,
 When the timid maid would listen
 To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over ?

Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover

To the desert's still retreat ?
Fare you well ! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest so bright ;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light !

Soothing light ! that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding hope's consoling ray !
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you !

TO

***** , 1801.

TO be the theme of every hour
 The heart devotes to fancy's power,
 When her soft magic fills the mind
 With friends and joys we've left behind,
 And joys return and friends are near,
 And all are welcom'd with a tear !
 In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
 To be remember'd oft and well
 By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
 By passion led, by youth beguil'd,
 Can proudly still aspire to know
 The feeling soul's divinest glow !
 If thus to live in every part
 Of a lone weary wanderer's heart ;
 If thus to be its sole employ
 Can give thee one faint gleam of joy ;
 Believe it, MARY ! oh ! believe
 A tongue that never can deceive,
 When passion doth not first betray
 And tinge the thought upon its way !

In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever, to remember thee !
And, though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life, and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still !
I'll take it wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way !
To keep the semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And love shall lend his sweetest care,
With memory to embalm it there !

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art
 In passion's moment breath'd to me ;
 Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
 'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
 And has become too pure for thee !

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
 With all the warmth of truth imprest ;
 Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,
 Upon thy lip its sweets would die,
 Or bloom to make a rival blest !

Take back the vows that, night and day,
 My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine ;
 Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
 They might some other heart betray,
 As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine !

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Written at Norfolk, in Virginia.

“ They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.”

ANON.

“ **THEY** made her a grave, too cold and damp
 “ For a soul so warm and true ;
 “ And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*
 “ Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 “ She paddles her white canoe.

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond’s Pond.

" And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 " And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
 " Long and loving our life shall be,
 " And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
 " When the footstep of death is near ! "

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
 And man never trod before !

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
 If slumber his eyelids knew,
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous tear and nightly steep
 The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
 And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 " Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
 " And the white canoe of my dear ? "

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
 Quick over its surface play'd—
 " Welcome," he said, " my dear-one's light ! "
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
 The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe !

EPISTLE III.

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D***LL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY 1804.

—

LADY! where'er you roam, whatever beam
 Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
 Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
 Where mazy Linth his limpid current leads;*
 Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
 At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep;
 Or, lingering o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
 Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,†
 Where, many a night, the soul of Tell complains
 Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;

* Her Ladyship, I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

† The chapel of William Tell, on the Lake of Lucerne:

Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
 Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
 And let its splendor, like the morning ray
 Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay !

Yet, Lady ! no—for song so rude as mine,
 Chase not the wonders of your dream divine;
 Still, radiant eye ! upon the tablet dwell;
 Still, rosy finger ! weave your pictur'd spell;
 And, while I sing the animated smiles
 Of fairy nature in the sun-born isles,
 Oh ! might the song awake some bright design,
 Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
 Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
 On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
 And wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
 The faint conception kindling into grace,
 Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
 And bless the lay that lent a charm to you !

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, stray'd
 To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
 Which bards of old, with kindly magic plac'd
 For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste ?*

* M. Gebelin says, in his *Monde Primitif*, " Lorsque Strabon crût que les anciens theologiens et poëtes placoient les champs elysées dans les Isles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the

There, as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
 Breath'd from elysium through each shadowy form,
 In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
 They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along!
 Nor yet in song, that mortal ear may suit,
 For every spirit was itself a lute,
 Where virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
 Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies !
 Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
 Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
 These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
 Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
 Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
 To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
 Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
 Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime !

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
 When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
 Sweetly awak'd us, and with smiling charms,
 The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.*

more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

* Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar grove into another, form all together the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined.

Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
 Through plantain shades, that like an awning twin'd,
 And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
 Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
 While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
 Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
 That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
 Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way !
 Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
 Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !
 Along the margin many a brilliant dome,
 White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
 Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
 Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
 Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade ;
 And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
 Wreathing the structure into various grace,
 Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
 The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,*
 And dream of temples, till her kindling torch

* This is an illusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their Spring evenings, the white cottages scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking

Lighted me back to all the glorious days
 Of Attic genius ; and I seem'd to gaze
 On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
 Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Sweet airy being !* who, in brighter hours,
 Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers,
 In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,
 And win with music every rose's sigh !
 Though weak the magic of my humble strain,
 To charm your spirit from its orb again,
 Yet, oh! for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
 For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
 Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
 Could smooth its feather and relume its dye)
 A moment wander from your starry sphere,
 And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
 The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
 The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
 Oh! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
 Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,

me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I never could turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

* Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, and that here he conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes ;
Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
And brightly shew what song but faintly tells !

THE
GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

AD HARMONIAM CANERE MUNDUM.

Vide Cicero. de Nat. Deor. Lib. 3.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,
Such as of old
Echo'd the breath that warbling sea-maids breath'd;
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sands of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,*
The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music roll'd!

* In L'Histoire naturelle des Antilles, there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curaçoa, on the back of which were

Oh ! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
 And, if the power
 Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
 Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
 And I will fold thee in such downy dreams,
 As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
 When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear!*

lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On le nomme musical, par ce qu'il porte sur le dos des lignes noires pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clef pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on dirait qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte qu'il en a vu qui avoient cinq lignes, une clef et des notes, qui formoient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avoit ajouté la lettre, que la nature avoit oubliée, et la faisoit chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air étoit fort agréable." Chap. 19, Art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts.

* According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. "Quam ob causam summus ille cœli stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitatio, acuto et excitato movetur sono; gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus." *Somn. Scip.* Because, says Macrobius, "spiritu ut in extremitate languescente jam volvitur, et propter angustias quibus penultimus orbis arctatur impetu leniore convertitur." In *Somn. Scip. Lib. 2, Cap. 4.* It is not very easy to understand the ancients in their musical arrangement of the heavenly bodies. See *Ptolem. Lib. 3.*

Leone Hebreo, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. "Non però manca fra loro il perfetto et reciproco amore: la causa principale, che ne mostra il loro amore, è la lor amicitia harmoniaca & la concordantia che perpetuamente si trova in loro." *Dialog. 2, di*

And thou shalt own,
 That, through the circle of creation's zone,
 Where matter darkles or where spirit beams;
 From the pellucid tides,* that whirl
 The planets through their maze of song,
 To the small rill, that weeps along
 Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
 From the rich sigh
 Of the sun's arrow through an ev'ning sky,†
 To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
 On Afric's burning fields;‡

Amore, p. 58. This "reciproco amore" of Leone is the *φιλοτης* of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his *Love and Hate of the Elements*, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in Laertius, *Αλλοτε και φιλοτητι, συνηχομεν*. κ. τ. λ. Lib. 8, Cap. 2, n. 12.

* Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

† Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

‡ In the account of Africa, which d'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches, when shaken by the hand, produce very sweet sounds. "Le même auteur (Abenzégar) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gaules comme d'osier, et qu'en les prenant à la main, et les branlant, elles font une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable," &c. &c. L'Afrique de Marmol.

Oh ! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine!

That I respire in all, and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony !

Welcome, my shell !

How many a star has ceas'd to burn,*
How many a tear has Saturn's gleaming urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,†

Since thy ærial spell

Hath in the waters slept !

Mortal ! I fly,

With the bright treasure to my choral sky,

Where she, who wak'd its early swell,

The syren, with a foot of fire,

Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,‡

* The extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended each by its system, is a curious subject for conjecture and hypothesis. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

† Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear. *ἡ θάλαττα μὲν ὅλως εἶναι δάκρυον.* De Vit, and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affectation, called the sea "the sweat of the earth:" *ἰδρώτα της γης.* See Rittershusius upon Porphyry, Num. 41.

‡ The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian accounts,

Or guides around the burning pole

The winged chariot of some blissful soul !*

While thou,

O son of earth ! what dreams shall rise for thee !

Beneath Hispania's sun,

Thou'lt see a streamlet run,

Which I have warm'd with dews of melody ; †

Oh listen ! when the night-wind dies

Down the still current, like a harp it sighs !

A liquid chord is every wave that flows,

An airy plectrum every breeze that blows ! ‡

There, by that wonderous stream,

Go, lay thy languid brow,

And I will send thee such a godlike dream,

Such——mortal ! mortal ! hast thou heard of him, §

* διὲς Διὸς ἑπταμήτος ἔστα τῇ τῶν κινημένων ἀστρον ἁρμονίαν συνεβαλλετο. κ.
τ. λ. in Astrolog.

* Διὸς ψυχᾶς ἰσαριθμῶς τοῖς ἀστροῖς, ἐνείκεν ὁμοίαν πρὸς ἑκάστον, καὶ ἐμβόσας ὥς εἰς ὄχμημα. Platon. Timæus.

† This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius. Ἐπεὶ ποταμὸς * * * ἣν δὲ ἀκῶσαι θύλλει τὴν ὕδατος λαλῆντος. The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispaniâ quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu, &c. &c."

‡ These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. Εἰν γὰρ ὀλίγος αἰὼς εἰς τὰς διὰς ἐκπύση, τὸ μὲν ὕδωρ ὡς χορδὴ κρηταί· τὸ δὲ πνεῦμα τὴν ὕδατος πληκτρον γινεταί· τὸ ρεύμα δὲ ὡς κίθαρα λαλεῖ. Lib. 2.

§ Orpheus.

Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,*
 Sate on the chill Pangæan mount,†
 And, looking to the orient dim,
 Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
 From which his soul had drunk its fire!
 Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
 Stole o'er his musing breast!
 What pious ecstasy‡
 Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
 Whose seal upon this world imprest§
 The various forms of bright divinity!

* They called his lyre *αρχαιοτροπον ἑκταχορδον Ορφειου*. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario libri." Lib. 4. Cap. 3. p. 177.

† Eratosthenes, telling the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangæan mountain at daybreak, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams. *Επεγειρομενος τε της νυκτος, κατα την εωθινην επι το ορος το καλημενον Παγγαιον, προσεμνε τας ανατολας, ινα ιδη τον 'Ηλιον πρωτον.* *Καταγερισμ.* 24.

‡ There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. As those which Justin Martyr has produced:

Οὗτος μὲν χαλκειον ἐξ ἡρανον ἐστηρικται

Χρυσῳ ἐνὶ θρονῳ, κ. τ. λ. *Ad Græc. Cohortat.*

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still it appears doubtful to whom we should impute them; they are too pious for the Pagans, yet seem too fanciful for the Fathers.

§ In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
 'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,*
 Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?

When, free
 From every earthly chain,
 From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
 His spirit flew through fields above,
 Drank at the source of nature's fontal number,†
 And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
 The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!

Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
 I swear
 By the great diadem that twines my hair,
 And by the seven gems that sparkle there,‡

* Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. Iamblich. de Vit. This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

† The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *παραν αιναις φυσικης*, "the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very finely in his *Sale of Philosophers*.

‡ This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. See Newton's *Opticks*, Book 1, Exper. 7. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds. *Οψις τε και ακουη, μετα φωνης τε και φωτος την αρμονιαν επιφαινεται*. De Musica.

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius, "Ut diadema oculis, variale gemmarum, scilicet cythara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui." This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. Lib. 2, Variar.

Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
Oh mortal ! such ecstatic dreams
Thy soul shall know !—
Go—to Hispania go !

EPISTLE IV.

TO

GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.*

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Κεῖνη δ' ἡμεροῦσα καὶ ἀτροπος, οἷα θ' ἀλιπλήξ,
 Λιθύνης καὶ μάλλον ἐπιδρομὸς ἥπερ ἰπποῖς,
 Πόντῳ ἐνὸς τήνεται.....*Callimach. Hym. in Del. v. 11.*

THOUGH late the word of friendship came,†
 Thanks from my soul to him who said it!
 Impatient of the tardy claim,
 Your friend was mine before he read it.

* This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere, but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, and with the taste

Yet, though the social bond was wove,
 'Twill serve to make the texture steady;
 Like marriage after slips of love,
 'Twill consecrate what's—done already !

Oh what a tempest whirl'd us hither !†
 Winds, whose savage breath could wither
 All the light and languid flowers
 That bloom in Epicurus' bowers !
 Nor yet suppose that fancy's charm
 Forsook me in this rude alarm.
 When close they reef'd the timid sail,
 When, every plank complaining loud,

of such Madeira still upon his lips, could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosophist. See the *Travels of the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt*, Vol. 2.

† A letter of recommendation, which I had omitted to take from Norfolk, and which Mr. Morgan was kind enough to send after me to Bermuda. Its object had been, however, anticipated by my introduction to the person to whom it was addressed.

‡ We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The *Driver* sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda, of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by my very regretted friend Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the *Lilly*, in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton ! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the *Lilly* to remain in the service ; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchantman was at any time a match for her.

We labour'd in the midnight gale,
 And ev'n our haughty mainmast bow'd!
 Fancy, in that unlovely hour,
 Propitious came, her dream to shed,
 And turn'd my cabin to a bower,
 My canvass cot to rapture's bed!
 For she, the maid I've left behind,
 Lay blushing in that canvass cot—
 Oh! where was then the raving wind?
 Amid her sighs I heard it not!

One night, I own, the storms it blew
 Our little ship so rudely tost,
 That slumber's web was torn in two,
 And fancy's sweet embroidery lost!
 Yet even then, the gentle muse,
 Whose willing soul can ne'er refuse,
 (Would every maid were half so kind!)
 With song's endearment sooth'd my mind.
 She open'd, with her golden key,
 The casket where my memory lays
 Those little gems of poesy,
 Which time has sav'd from ancient days!
 Take one of these, to Læis sung,
 I wrote it, while my hammock swung,
 As one might write a dissertation
 Upon "suspended animation!"

* SWEETLY you kiss, my L*A*'s dear !
 But, while you kiss, I feel a tear,
 Bitter as those when lovers part,
 In mystery from your eyelid start !
 Sadly you lean your head to mine,
 And round my neck in silence twine,
 Your hair along my bosom spread,
 All humid with the tears you shed !
 Oh ! I have kiss'd those lids of snow,
 Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
 Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet—
 Why is it thus ? do, tell me, sweet !
 Ah, L*A*'s, are my bodings right ?
 Am I to lose you ? is to-night
 Our last——go, false to heaven and me !
 Your very tears are treachery.

* This epigram is by Paulus Silentarius, and may be found in the *Analecta of Brunck*, Vol. 3, p. 72. But, as the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his *Poëmata*.

Ἦδ' ὅ μιν ἐστὶ φίλημα τὸ Λαῖος· ἦδ' οὐδ' αὖτε
 Ἠπιδιότητι δακρυ χεῖρι βλεφάρων,
 Καὶ πολὺ κίχλιζ' ὅσα σὺ βεῖς εὐδοστρυχὸν αἰγλήν,
 Ἡμετέρα κεφαλὴν δ' ἦρον εἰρῆσαμένη.
 Μυρομένη δ' ἐφίλησ'· τὰ δ' ὡς δροσέρης ἀπὸ πηγῆς,
 Δακρυαὶ μίγνυται κίττε κατὰ στομάτων·
 Εἰπέ δ' ἀνείρομαι, τίνας ἄνικα δακρυαὶ λείβεις ;
 Δεῖδ' ἄ μὴ με λήπης· ὅτι γὰρ ὀρκαπτάται.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
 Such was the strain, "Morgante mio!"
 The Muse and I together sung,
 With Boreas to make out the trio.
 But, bless the little fairy isle !
 How sweetly, after all our ills,
 We saw the dewy morning smile
 Serenely o'er its fragrant hills !
 And felt the pure elastic flow
 Of airs, that round this Eden blow
 With honey-freshness, caught by stealth,
 Warm from the very lips of health !

Oh ! could you view the scenery dear,
 That now beneath my window lies,
 You'd think that nature lavish'd here
 Her purest wave, her softest skies,
 To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
 For bards to live and saints to die in !
 Close to my wooded bank below,
 In glassy calm, the waters sleep,
 And to the sunbeam proudly show
 The coral rocks they love to steep !*

* The water is so beautifully clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth, and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface, that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no neces-

The fainting-breeze of morning fails,
 The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
 And I can almost touch its sails
 That languish idly round the mast.

The sun has now profusely given
 The flashes of a noontide heaven,
 And, as the wave reflects his beams,
 Another heaven its surface seems !
 Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
 So pictur'd o'er the waters lie,
 That every languid bark appears
 To float along a burning sky!

Oh ! for the boat the angel gave*
 To him, who in his heaven-ward flight,
 Sail'd, o'er the sun's ætherial wave,
 To planet-isles of odorous light!

sity, of course, for heaving the lead, and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors.

† In Kircher's "Extatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tuæ præparatam." Itinerar. 1, Dial. 1, cap. 5. There are some very strange fancies in this work of Kircher.

Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
 Within thy orb's ambrosial round !*
 There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
 That pant around thy twilight car :
 There angels dwell, so pure of form,
 That each appears a living star !†

These are the sprites, O radiant queen !
 Thou send'st so often to the bed
 • Of her I love, with spell unseen,
 Thy planet's bright'ning balm to shed ;
 To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
 To give the cheek one rose-bud more,
 And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
 Which had been, oh ! too dear before !

But, whither means the muse to roam ?
 'Tis time to call the wanderer home :

* When the Genius of the World and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth ; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?"—"An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit ? to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

† This idea is Father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dixisses." *Itinerar.* 1, Dial. 1, Cap. 5.

Who could have ever thought to search her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher ?
So, health and love to all your mansion !

Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth and song your board illumine !
Fare you well—remember too,
When cups are flowing to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And oh!—as warmly drink to him.

POSTSCRIPT.

When next you see the black-ey'd CATY,
The loving, languid girl of Hayti,*
Whose finger so expertly plays
Amid the ribbon's silken maze,
Just like Aurora, when she ties
A rainbow round the morning skies !
Say, that I hope, when Winter's o'er,
On Norfolk's bank again to rove,
And then shall search the ribbon-store
For some of CATY's softest *love*.

* Among the West-Indian French at Norfolk, there are some very interesting Saint-Domingo girls, who in the day sell millinery, &c. and at night assemble in little cotillon parties, where they dance away the remembrance of their unfortunate country, and forget the miseries which "Les amis des noirs" brought upon them.

I should not like the gloss were past,
Yet want it not entirely new ;
But bright and strong enough to last
About—suppose a week or two.
However frail, however light,
'Twill do, at least, to wear at night :
And so you'll tell our black-ey'd CARRY,
The loving, languid girl of Hayti !

THE
WEDDING RING.

TO

1801.

NO—Lady ! Lady ! keep the ring ;
 Oh ! think how many a future year,
 Of placid smile and downy wing,
 May sleep within its holy sphere !

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
 Though love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,
 Yet heav'n will send a soothing beam,
 To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye !
 Oh ! it doth ask, with magic power,
 If heaven can ever bless the tie,
 Where love inwreathes no genial flower

Away, away, bewildering look !
 Or all the boast of virtue's o'er ;
 Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
 And learn from him to feel no more !

I cannot warn thee ; every touch,
 That brings my pulses close to thine
 Tells me I want thy aid as much,
 Oh ! quite as much, as thou dost mine !

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
 A moment turn those eyes away,
 And let me, if I can, forget
 The light that leads my soul astray !

Thou say'st that we were born to meet,
 That our hearts bear one common seal,
 Oh Lady ! think, how man's deceit
 Can seem to sigh and feign to feel !

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
 Like daybeams through the morning air,
 Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
 The feeling ere it kindled there :

The sympathy I then betray'd,
 Perhaps was but the child of art ;
 The guile of one, who long hath play'd
 With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow;
 Though few the years I yet have told,
 Canst thou believe I live till now,
 With loveless heart or senses cold?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
 For many a maid my soul hath prov'd;
 With some I wanton'd wild and vain,
 While some I truly, dearly lov'd!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
 To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
 The words to thee I warmly say,
 To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a languid heart,
 Which long hath lost its early spring;
 Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
 And—keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again;
 What, still that look, and still that sigh!
 Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
 Oh! no, beloved!—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
 While thus our breaths commingling glow,
 'Twere more than woman, to be wise,
 'Twere more than man to wish thee so!

Did we not love so true, so dear,
This lapse could never be forgiven ;
But hearts so fond, and lips so near—
Give me the ring, and now—oh heaven !

LYING.

CHE CON LE LOR BUGIE PAJON DIVINI.

Mauro d'Arcanà.

I DO confess, in many a sigh
 My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
 And who, with such delights in view,
 Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
 Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
 If half we tell the girls were true,
 If half we swear to think and do,
 Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
 The world would be in strange confusion!

If ladies' eyes were, every one,
 As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
 Astronomy should leave the skies,
 To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!

Oh no?—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn !

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear !
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is your's:
But oh ! you've wholly lost the youth,
The instant that he tells you truth !

TO

On seeing her with a white veil and a rich girdle.

PUT off the vestal veil, nor, oh !
Let weeping angels view it ;
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear :
The lucid gems around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
The hour that Love unbound it.

THE
RESEMBLANCE.

—————vo cercand' io
Donna, quant' è possibile, in altrui
La desiata vostra forma vera.

PETRARCO. *Sonett.* 14.

YES, if 'twere any common love
That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there's not a power above
Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee,
That, oh! beneath the blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
She was thy lovely, perfect twin,
And wore the only shape on earth
That could have charm'd my soul to sin!

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
 Were never half so like each other !
 The glances of the baby loves
 Resemble less their warm-ey'd mother !

Her lip!—oh, call me not false-hearted,
 When such a lip I fondly prest ;
 'Twas Love some melting cherry parted
 Gave thee half and her the rest !

And when, with all thy murmuring tone,
 They sued half-open to be kist,
 I could as soon resist thine own,
 And them, heaven knows ! I ne'er resist.

Then, scorn me not, though false I be,
 'Twas love that wak'd the dear excess ;
 My heart had been more true to thee,
 Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less !

TO

WHEN I lov'd you, I can't but allow,
I had many an exquisite minute ;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it !

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you ;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And, oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !

FROM THE
GREEK OF MELEAGER.*

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my HELIODORA's name !
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim !

Give me the wreath that withers there ;
It was but last delicious night
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light !
Oh ! haste, and twine it round my brow ;
It breathes of HELIODORA now !

* Εγχεί, και παλιν ειπε, παλιν, παλιν, 'Ηλιοδώρας
Ειπε, σὺν ἀκρῆτι το γλυκύ μισγ' ὄνομα.
Και μοι τοι βρεχθέντα μυροῖς και χθιζόν σῶτα,
Μυαμοσύνῃ κείνας, ἀμφιτίθει στεφανόν·
Δακρυὶ φίλεσσαν ἰδὲ ροδόν, ὥσπερ κείναι
Ἀλλοθι κ' ἐκ κολποῖς ἡμετέροισι σῶρα.

Brunck. *Analect.* tom. I, p. 28..

The loving rose-bud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh !

ODES

TO

NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA TYPANNEI.

EURIPID. *Medea*, v. 967.



NAY, tempt me not to love again,

There was a time when love was sweet;

Dear NEE ! had I known thee then,

Our souls had not been slow to meet !

But, oh ! this weary heart hath run

So many a time the rounds of pain,

Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one !

Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet

The print of beauty's foot was set,

Where man may pass his loveless nights,

Unfever'd by her false delights,

Thither my wounded soul would fly,

Where rosy cheek or radiant eye

Should bring no more their bliss, their pain,

Or fetter me to earth again !

Dear absent girl ! whose eyes of light,

Though little priz'd when all my own,

Now float before me, soft and bright

As when they first enamouring shone !

How many hours of idle waste,
 Within those witching arms embrac'd,
 Unmindful of the fleeting day,
 Have I dissolv'd life's dream away !
 O bloom of time profusely shed !
 O moments! simply, vainly fled,
 Yet sweetly too—for love perfum'd
 The flame which thus my life consum'd ;
 And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
 In which he led my victim hours !

Say, NEA dear ! could'st thou, like her,
 When warm to feel and quick to err,
 Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
 My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,
 Could'st thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
 Endearing still, reproaching never,
 Till all my heart should burn with shame,
 And be thy own more fix'd than ever ?
 No—no—on earth there's only she
 So long could bind such folly fast ;
 None, none could make, but only me,
 Such pure perfection false at last !

NEA ! the heart which she forsook
 For thee were but a worthless shrine—
 Go, lovely girl, that angel look
 Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.

Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

.....TALE ITER OMNE CAVE.

Prophet. Lib. 4, Eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
 Along that wild and lonely shore,
 Where late we thoughtless stray'd ;
 'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
 To be no more than simple friends,
 Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where winding in,
 From Ocean's rude and angry din,
 (As lovers steal to bliss)
 The billows kiss the shore, and then
 Flow calmly to the deep again,
 As though they did not kiss !

Remember, o'er its circling flood,
 In what a dangerous dream we stood—
 The silent sea before us,
 Around us all the gloom of grove,
 That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
 No eye but Nature's o'er us !

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
 In vain would formal art dissemble
 All that we wish'd and thought;
 'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
 'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
 But all that passion ought !

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
 A shell that on the golden sand
 Before us faintly gleam'd ;
 I rais'd it to your lips of dew,
 You kiss'd the shell, I kist it too—
 Good heaven! how sweet it seem'd

Oh ! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
 The worst that e'er temptation's power
 Could tangle me or you in !
 Sweet NEA ! let us roam no more
 Along that wild and lonely shore,
 Such walks will be our ruin !

Sunt (saltationes scil.) causa mali; si ex tu equis γιγνεται το εφω, multo magis e contactu, complexu, basiis quæ in saltationibus usitata sunt; etiam irritantur ad &c. &c.....*Alatadius, in Deipnosophisticis.*

YOU read it in my languid eyes,
 And there alone should love be read;
 You hear me say it all in sighs,
 And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak,
 Although my heart to anguish thrill,
 I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
 And look it all in silence still!

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
 To murmur on that luckless night,
 When passion broke the bonds of shame,
 And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance
 You seem'd to float in silent song,
 Bending to earth that beamy glance,
 As if to light your steps along!

Oh ! how could others dare to touch
 That hallow'd form with hand so free,
 When but to look was bliss too much,
 Too rare for all but heaven and me !

With smiling eyes, that little thought
 How fatal were the beams they threw,
 My trembling hands you lightly caught,
 And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
 My soul forgot—nor, oh ! condemn,
 That when such eyes before me burn'd,
 My soul forgot all eyes but them !

I dar'd to speak in sobs of bliss,
 Rapture of every thought bereft me,
 I would have clasp'd you—oh, even this !—
 But, with a bound, you blushing left me,

Forget, forget that night's offence,
 Forgive it, if, alas ! you can ;
 'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
 'Twas all the best and worst of man !

That moment did the mingled eyes
 Of heaven and earth my madness view ;
 I should have seen, through earth and skies,
 But you alone, but only you !

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
I should have—oh, my only love!

• My life! what should I *not* have done!

Where beauty blush'd, and wisdom taught,
 Where lovers sigh'd, and sages thought,
 Where hearts might feel, or heads discern,
 And all was form'd to soothe or move,
 To make the dullest love to learn,
 To make the coldest learn to love !

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
 To lead us through enchanted ground,
 Where all that bard has ever dream'd
 Of love or luxury bloom'd around !
 Oh ! 'twas a bright bewildering scene—
 Along the alley's deepening green
 Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
 And scented and illum'd the bowers,
 Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
 Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
 Appear the countless birds of light,
 That sparkle in the leaves at night,
 And from their wings diffuse a ray
 Along the traveller's weary way !*
 'Twas light, of that mysterious kind,
 Through which the soul is doom'd to roam,
 When it has left this world behind,
 And gone to seek its heavenly home !

* In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum accipimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus. Plin. Lib. x, cap. 47.

And, ΝΕΑ, thou didst look and move
 Like any blooming soul of bliss,
 That wanders to its home above,
 Through mild and shadowy light like this !

But now, methought, we stole along
 Through halls of more voluptuous glory
 Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
 Or wanton'd in Milesian story !*
 And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
 Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs ;
 Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
 As if with soul and passion fill'd !
 Some flew, with amber cups, around,
 Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,†
 And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
 The onyx shone beneath their feet!‡

* The Milesiads, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Mile-tus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Plutarch* (in Crasso), who calls them *ακαλαγα βιβλια*.

† "Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls *αινος αν-θοσμιαις*, from their fragrancy resembling that of the finest flowers." *Barty on Wines*, chap. vii.

‡ It appears that, in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus *Martial*. "Calceusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx." *Epig.* 50, *Lib.* xii.

While others, waving arms of snow,
 Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold,*
 And shewing limbs, as loth to shew,
 Through many a thin Tarentian fold,†
 Glided along the festal ring
 With vases, all respiring spring,
 Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
 And the young bee-grape, ‡ round them wreathing,
 Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
 Like curls upon a rosy cheek !

Oh, NEA ! why did morning break
 The spell that so divinely bound me ?
 Why did I wake ? how *could* I wake
 With thee my own and heaven around me !

* Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. Οἱ ἐπικαρπιοὶ ὀφειὲς καὶ αἱ χρυσαὶ πίδακι Θαιδὸς καὶ Λεῖταγωγῆς καὶ Λαιδὸς Φαρμακᾶ. Philostrat. Epist. xl. Lucian too tells us of the βραχίλοισι δρεκαντῆς. See his Amores, where he describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase," the rouge, the tooth-powder, and all the "mystic order" of a modern toilet.

† Ταραντινίδιοι, διαφανὲς ἱδρυμα, ἀνομασμένοι ἀπὸ τῆς Ταραντινῆς χρῆσις καὶ τρυφῆς. Pollux.

‡ Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, Lib. xiv, and "now called the Muscatell (a muscarum telis)" says Pancirollus, Book i, Sect. 1, Chap. 17.

WELL—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
 And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me !
 To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,*
 Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
 And, far from thine eye, oh ! perhaps, I may yet
 Its seduction forgive and its splendor forget !

* When I wrote these lines, I had some idea of leaving Bermuda, and visiting the West-India Islands.

Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library ;" but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance ; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West-Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls—that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner, in a tone of tenderness which never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized ; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

Farewel to Bermuda,* and long may the bloom
 Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume ;
 May spring to eternity hallow the shade
 Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd !
 And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
 Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
 Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
 And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
 I have led thee along, and have told by the way
 What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
 Oh ! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
 And a blessing for me to that alley of limes !

* The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still-vex'd Bermoothes," in the *Tempest*.—I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen, that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century), was sent Patriarch of the Latin Church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered. *Travels of the Jesuits*, Vol. I. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

IF I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground !

If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it plac'd,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embrac'd !

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air !

Oh ! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek
Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly, that my soul could seek
Its NEE in the painted stream.

The painted stream my chilly grave
 And nuptial bed at once may be,
 I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
 And die upon the shade of thee !

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
 O'er the waters blue and bright,
 Like NEA's silky lashes, lending
 Shadow to her eyes of light !

Oh, my belov'd ! where'er I turn,
 Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
 In every star thy glances burn,
 Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.

But then thy breath !—not all the fire,
 That lights the lone Semenda's* death
 In eastern climes, could e'er respire
 An odour like thy dulcet breath !

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
 To wear this rosy leaf for me,
 And breathe of something not divine,
 Since nothing human breathes of thee !

* Referunt tamen quidam in interiore India avem esse, nomine Semendam &c. Cardan. 10 de Subtilitat. Cæsar Scaliger seems to think Semenda but another name for the Phoenix. Exercitat. 223.

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone ;
Then take, oh ! take, though not so sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own !

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning dew,
The lustre of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too !

ON

SEEING AN INFANT IN NEA'S ARMS.

THE first ambrosial child of bliss,
That Psyche to her bosom prest
Was not a brighter babe than this,
Nor blush'd upon a lovelier breast !
His little snow-white fingers, straying
Along her lip's luxuriant flower,
Look'd like a flight of ring-doves playing,
Silvery, mid a roseate bower !
And when, to shade the playful boy,
Her dark hair fell, in mazes bright,
Oh ! 'twas a type of stolen joy ;
'Twas love beneath the veil of night !
Soft as she smil'd, he smil'd again ;
They seem'd so kindred in their charms
That one might think, the babe had then
Just budded in her blooming arms !
He look'd like something form'd of air,
Which she had utter'd in a sigh ;
Like some young spirit, resting there,
That late had wander'd from her eye !

THE
SNOW-SPIRIT.

TU POTES INSOLITAS, CYNTHIA, FERRE NIVES?

Propert. Lib. 1, Eleg. 8.

NO, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
 An island of lovelier charms ;
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms !
 The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
 Their melody balm to the ear ;
 But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
 And the Snow-Spirit never comes here !

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
 Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
 And it falls on the green earth, as melting, my girl,
 As a murmur of thine on the soul !
 Oh ! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
 As he cradles the birth of the year ;
 Bright are your bowers, and balmy their breath,
 But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here !

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
 And brightening the bosom of morn,
 He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
 O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
 Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts,
 Is the veil of a vestal severe;
 No, no, thou wilt see what a moment it lasts,
 Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
 To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
 Should not melt in the day-beam like him!
 Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
 O'er his luminous path will appear—
 Fly, fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
 But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

ἔτασεν δὲ καθαρμίσται ημίῳ καὶ ὅτι μὴ νομα τῇ ἡσῃ, καὶ οἶδεν ἄλλοι
 δ' αὖ πρὸς γῆς ἐμὴ νομαζοῖτο.....*Philostat. Icon. 17, Lib. 2.*

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
 While many a bending sea-grape * drank
 The sprinkle of the feathery oar
 That wing'd me round this fairy shore !

'Twas noon ; and every orange bud
 Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
 Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
 Beneath a lover's burning sighs !
 Oh for a naiad's sparry bower,
 To shade me in that glowing hour !

A little dove, of milky hue,
 Before me from a plantain flew,
 And, light along the water's brim,
 I steer'd my gentle bark by him ;

* The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

For fancy told me, love had sent
 This snowy bird of blandishment,
 To lead me, where my soul should meet—
 I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be the little pilot dove!
 He had indeed been sent by love,
 To guide me to a scene so dear,
 As fate allows but seldom here;
 One of those rare and brilliant hours,
 Which, like the aloe's * lingering flowers,
 May blossom to the eye of man
 But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
 A vista from the waters made,
 My bird repos'd his silver plume
 Upon a rich banana's bloom,
 Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
 What spell, what magic rais'd her there!
 'Twas ΝΕΑ! slumbering calm and mild,
 And bloomy as the dimpled child,
 Whose spirit in elysium keeps
 Its playful sabbath while he sleeps!

* The Agave. I know that this is an erroneous idea; but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" *τρεῖς ἀπο τῆς ἀληθείας*.

The broad banana's green embrace
 Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace ;
 One little beam alone could win
 The leaves to let it wander in,
 And, stealing over all her charms,
 From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
 It glanc'd around a fiery kiss,
 All trembling, as it went, with bliss !

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
 Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
 Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
 Dark on evening's heaven of roses !
 Her glances, though in slumber hid,
 Seem'd glowing through their ivory lid,
 And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
 A soft and liquid lustre threw,
 Such as, declining dim and faint,
 The lamp of some beloved saint
 Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
 Which pious hands have hung beneath !

Was ever witchery half so sweet !
 Think, think how all my pulses beat,
 As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
 Oh ! you, that know the lover's soul,
 It is for you to dream the bliss,
 The tremblings of an hour like this !

ON THE LOSS OF
A LETTER INTENDED FOR NEA.

OH! it was fill'd with words of flame,
With all the wishes wild and dear,
Which love may write, but dares not name,
Which woman reads, but must not hear!

Of many a nightly dream it told,
When all that chills the heart by day,
The worldly doubt, the caution cold,
In fancy's fire dissolve away!

When soul and soul divinely meet,
Free from the senses' guilty shame,
And mingle in a sigh so sweet,
As virtue's self would blush to blame!

How could he lose such tender words!
Words! that, of themselves, should spring
To NEA's ear, like panting birds,
With heart and soul upon their wing!

Oh ! fancy what they dar'd to speak ;
 Think all a virgin's shame can dread,
 Nor pause, until thy conscious cheek
 Shall burn with thinking all they said !

And I shall feign, shall fancy too,
 Some dear reply thou might'st have giv'n ;
 Shall make that lip distill its dew
 In promise bland and hopes of heaven !

Shall think it tells of future days,
 When the averted cheek will turn,
 When eye with eye shall mingle rays,
 And lip to lip shall closely burn !—

Ah ! if this flattery is not thine,
 If colder hope thy answer brings,
 I'll wish thy words were lost like mine,
 Since I can dream such dearer things !

I FOUND her not—the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odorous trace !

It felt as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there !

I saw the web, which, all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose ;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose !

And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm,
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And love himself had stamp'd the form !

100

Oh NEA ! NEA ! where wert thou ?
In pity fly not thus from me ;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee !

A KISS A L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
 Within this simple ring of gold ;
 'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
 Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
 Upon her hand this gem display'd,
 Nor thought that time's eternal lapse
 Should see it grace a lovelier maid !

Look, darling, what a sweet design !
 The more we gaze, it charms the more :
 Come—closer bring that cheek to mine,
 And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou see'st, it is a simple youth,
 By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd—
 Look, NEA, love ! and say, in sooth,
 Is not her hand most dearly plac'd ?

Upon his curled head behind
 It seems in careless play to lie,*
 Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
 To bring his lip of nectar nigh!

O happy maid ! too happy boy !
 The one so fond and faintly loath,
 The other yielding slow to joy—
 Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both !

Imagine, love, that I am he,
 And just as warm as he is chilling ;
 Imagine too that thou art she,
 But quite as cold as she is willing :

So may we try the graceful way
 In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
 And thus, like her, my hand I lay
 Upon thy wreathed hair behind ;

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
 As slow to mine thy head I move ;
 And thus our lips together meet,
 And—thus I kiss thee—O my love !

* Somewhat like the fine symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is most beautifully affectionate. See the *Museum Florentinum*, Tom. ii, Tab. 43, 44. I know of very few subjects in which poetry could be more interestingly employed, than in illustrating some of the ancient statues and gems.

.....λυβανιστην ειπασεν, οτι απολλυμενον ευφραμαι.

ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* Lib. iii, Cap. 4.

THERE's not a look, a word of thine
 My soul hath e'er forgot ;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,
 Which I remember not !

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue,
 Which did not, with a lingering spell,
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,
 Like something heaven had sung !

Ah ! that I could, at once, forget
 All, all that haunts me so—
 And yet, thou witching girl !—and yet,
 To die were sweeter, than to let
 The lov'd remembrance go !

No ; if this slighted heart must see
 Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh ! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
 Consum'd in sweets away !

EPISTLE V.

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

From Bermuda.

March.

" THE day-light is gone—but, before we depart,
 " Here's a brimmer of love to the friend of my heart,
 " To the friend who himself is a chalice, a bowl
 " In which heaven hath pour'd a rich bumper of soul !

'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash-tree,
 With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
 The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
 Was a sigh to the past, and a blessing on you !

Oh ! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
 Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower,
 And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
 In blossoms of thought ever springing and new !

Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
 Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him,
 Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
 And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there !

Last night, when we came from the calabash-tree,
 When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
 The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
 Put the magical springs of my fancy in play,
 And oh!—such a vision as haunted me then
 I could slumber for ages to witness again !
 The many I like, and the few I adore,
 The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
 But never till now so beloved and dear,
 At the call of my fancy surrounded me here !
 Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
 To a paradise brighten the blest little isle ;*

* It is often asserted by the transatlantic politicians that this little colony (Bermuda) deserves more attention from the mother country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New-York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War ; “ with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world.” And there is no doubt it lies so fairly in the track to the West-Indies that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

Serenest the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
 And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd !
 Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills
 Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,*
 Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild,
 Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child)
 Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given
 By the magic of love to this miniature heaven !

Oh magic of love ! unembellished by you,
 Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue ?

The plan of Bishop Berkely for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West-Indians, who might be intended for any nautical employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education; which would entirely remove the alternative, in which the colonists are involved at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or entrusting them to colleges in the States of America, where ideas by no means favourable to Great Britain, and sometimes indeed hostile to the security of governments in general, are very sedulously inculcated.

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, Lib. iv.
Ἡγεῖα γὰρ ἐστὶν κατὰ τὴν Σικελίαν ἡσιν, ἃ φασὶ καλλεῖ. κ. τ. λ.

Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas ! that a vision so happy should fade !
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright ;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the
stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream !

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
The bark that must carry these pages away,*
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind !
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love !
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
And the sound of those gales would be music to me !
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew
Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam
Of the wave, that would carry your wanderer home !

* A ship ready to sail for England.

LOVE AND REASON.

“Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir.”
J. J. ROUSSEAU.*

TWAS in the Summer time, so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason?

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

* Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
 Should find that sunny morning chill,
 For still the shadow Reason cast
 Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
 Or find a pathway, not so dim,
 For still the maid's gigantic form
 Would pass between the sun and him !

" This must not be," said little Love—
 " The sun was made for more than you."
 So, turning through a myrtle grove,
 He bade the portly nymph adieu !

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
 O'er many a mead, by many a stream ;
 In every breeze inhaling joy,
 And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
 He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
 And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
 Till taste was gone and odour faded !

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
 Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains ;
 Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
 And fever thrill'd through all his veins !

The dew forsook his baby brow,
 No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
 Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
 To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
 His foot at length for shelter turning,
 He saw the nymph reclining calm,
 With brow as cool, as his was burning!

“Oh! take me to that bosom cold,”
 In murmurs at her feet he said;
 And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
 And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
 And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
 For ah! the chill was quite too much,
 And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

“Errare malo cum Platone, quàm cum aliis rectè sentire.”

CICERO.

“I would rather think wrongly with Plato, than rightly with any one else.”

1802.

FANNY, my love, we ne'er were sages,
But, trust me, all that Tully's zeal
Express'd for Plato's glowing pages,
All that, and more, for thee I feel !

Whate'er the heartless world decree,
Howe'er unfeeling prudes condemn,
FANNY!—I'd rather sin with thee
Than live and die a saint with them !

NAY, do not weep, my FANNY dear !

While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye !

The world !—ah FANNY ! love must shun
The path where many rove ;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart, to be his only-one,
Are quite enough for love !

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine ?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear,
As that within the blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine ?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all the worthless world !

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'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love !

My only worlds I see ;

Let but their orbs in sunshine move,

And earth below, and skies above,

May frown or smile for me !

THE
SNAKE.

1801.


MY love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

“See,” said the maid, with laughing eyes—
“Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
“Who could expect such hidden harm
“Beneath the rose’s velvet charm?”

Never did mortal thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her,
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray’d it might not be.

“No,” said the girl—and many a spark
Flash’d from her eye-lid as she said it—
“Under the rose, or in the dark,
“One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it;
“But when its wicked eyes appear,
“And when we know for what they wink so,
“One must be very simple, dear,
“To let it sting one—don’t you think so?”

QUANTUM EST QUOD DESIT?

Ovid. Metam. Lib. ix, v. 559.

'TWAS a new feeling—something more
Than we had dar'd to own before,
Which then we hid not ;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd in every broken sigh
To speak, but did not !

She felt my lip's impassion'd touch ;
'TWas the first time I dar'd so much ;
And yet, she chid not ;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
" Oh ! do you doubt I love you now ?"
Sweet soul ! I did not !

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I prest it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not ;
Till—oh ! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet who—did not !

ASPASIA.

'T WAS in the fair ASPASIA's bower
 That Love and Learning, many an hour,
 In dalliance met, and Learning smil'd
 With rapture on the playful child,
 Who wanton stole, to find his nest
 Within a fold of Learning's vest !

There, as the listening statesman hung
 In transport on ASPASIA's tongue,
 The destinies of Athens took
 Their colour from ASPASIA's look.
 Oh happy time ! when laws of state,
 When all that rul'd the country's fate,
 Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
 Was plann'd between two snowy arms !

Sweet times ! you could not always last—
 And yet, oh ! yet, you *are* not past;
 Though we have lost the sacred mould
 In which their men were cast of old,

Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm, and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

FANNY, my love, they ne'er shall say
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away ;
No—give the universe a soul
Attun'd to woman's soft control,
And FANNY hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will !

THE

GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.*

TO HER LOVER.

.....ήχι τι καλὰς
 Πυθωγορῆς ὅσσοι τι χαροὶ στήριξαν ἔρωτος.

Ἀπολλωνί περὶ Πλωτωνα. *Oracul. Metric. a Joan. Orisof. collecta.*

WAS it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
 That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?
 I linger'd still, in all the murmuring rest,
 The langour of a soul too richly blest!
 Upon my breath the sigh yet faintly hung;
 Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my tongue;
 I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left behind,
 In amorous converse with the breathing wind;

* It was imagin'd by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word *Ωκεανος* was sometimes synonymous with *αἴθερ*, and death was not unfrequently called *Ωκεανισμός*, or "the passage of the ocean."

Quick to my heart I prest the shell divine,
 And, with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
 I kist its every chord, while every kiss
 Shed o'er the chórd some dewy print of bliss.
 Then soft to thee I touch'd the fervid lyre,
 Which told such melodies, such notes of fire
 As none but chords, that drank the burning dew
 Of kisses dear as ours, could e'er diffuse !
 Oh, love ! how blissful is the bland repose,
 That soothing follows upon rapture's close,
 Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to shed
 Mild melting traces of the transport fled !

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous calm,
 A drowsy languor steep'd my eyes in balm,
 Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell,
 While, faintly wandering o'er its silver shell,
 My fingers soon their own sweet requiem play'd,
 And slept in music which themselves had made !
 Then, then, my THEON, what a heavenly dream!—
 I saw two spirits, on the lunar beam,
 Two winged boys, descending from above,
 And gliding to my bower with looks of love.
 Like the young genii, who repose their wings
 All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,*

* Eunapius, in his life of Iamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits, or loves, which Iamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; "dicens astantibus (says the

And rise at midnight, from the tepid rill,
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill !

Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with their sighs,
Awhile they play'd ; then gliding through my eyes,
(Where the bright babies, for a moment, hung,
Like those thy lip hath kist, thy lyre hath sung)
To that dim mansion of my breast they stole,
Where, wreath'd in blisses, lay my captive soul.
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties that clung
So sweetly round her, and aloft she sprung !
Exulting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light, refresh'd with starry dew,
And fann'd by airs of that ambrosial breath,
On which the free-soul banquets after death !

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our clouded skies,
As bards have dream'd, the spirits' kingdom lies
Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls,*
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the hallow'd souls,

author of the *Dii Fatidici*, p. 160) *illos esse loci Genios :*" which words, however, are not in Eunapius.

I find, from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus. "*Est et alia villa in vicinia Gadaræ nomine Amatha, ubi calidæ aquæ erumpunt.*" *Geograph. Antiq. Lib. iii, Cap. 13.*

* This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which

Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours,
 Repose for ever in unfading bowers !
 That very orb, whose solitary light
 So often guides thee to my arms at night,
 Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
 Floating, in splendor, through those seas above !
 Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way,
 Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
 While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
 Reclin'd the spirits of the Immortal blest !*
 Oh ! there I met those few congenial maids,
 Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades ;

the early fathers bewildered themselves. Le P. Baltus, in his "Defense des saints Pères accusés de Platonisme," taking it for granted that the ancients were more correct in their notions (which by no means appears from what I have already quoted), adduces the obstinacy of the fathers in this whimsical opinion, as a proof of their repugnance to even truth from the hands of the philosophers. This is a strange way of defending the fathers, and attributes much more than they deserve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work of Baltus (the opposer of Fontenelle, Van Dale, &c. in the famous oracle controversy) see "Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclesiast. du 18 siècle, 1 Part, Tom. 2."

* There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar establishment ; some made it an elysium, and others a purgatory ; while some supposed it to be a kind of *entre-phôt* between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those that were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valleys of Hecate, and remained till further orders.

Τοις περὶ σελήνην αὐτὴ λυγρὴ αὐτὰς κατοικεῖν, καὶ ἀπ' αὐτῆς κατὰ χροῖον εἰς τὴν περιγίαν γίνεσθαι. Stob. Lib. 1, Eclog. Physic

There still Leontium,* on her sage's breast,
 Found lore and love, was tutor'd and carest ;
 And there the twine of Pythia's† gentle arms
 Repaid the zeal which deified her charms !
 The Attic Master,‡ in Aspasia's eyes
 Forgot the toil of less endearing ties ;

* The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his "dear little Leontium" (*Λεονταγίον*), as appears by a fragment of one of his letters in Laertius. This Leontium was a woman of talent ; "she had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus ;" and, at the same time, Cicero gives her a name which is neither polite nor translatable. "*Meretricula etiam Leontium contra Theophrastum scribere ausa est.*" *De Natur. Deor.* She left a daughter called Danae, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother ; something like Wieland's Danae in Agathon.

It would sound much better, I think, if the name were Leontia, as it occurs the first time in Laertius ; but M. Menage will not hear of this reading.

† Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the philosopher was, of course, censured ; it would be well, however, if some of our modern Stagirites had a little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

‡ Socrates ; who used to console himself in the society of Aspasia for those "less endearing ties" which he found at home with Xantippe. For an account of this extraordinary creature, Aspasia, and her school of erudite luxury at Athens, see *L'Histoire de l'Académie*, &c. tom. xxxi, p. 69. Ségur rather fails on the subject of Aspasia. "*Les Femmes*," Tom. i, p. 122.

The Author of the "*Voyage du Monde de Descartes*" has also placed these philosophers in the moon, and has allotted Seigneuries

While fair Theano,* innocently fair,
 Play'd with the ringlets of her Samian's hair,†
 Who, fix'd by love, at length was all her own,
 And pass'd his spirit through her lips alone.

Oh Samian sage ! whate'er thy glowing thought
 Of mystic Numbers hath divinely wrought ;
 The One that's form'd of Two who dearly love
 Is the best number heaven can boast above !

But think, my Theon, how this soul was thrill'd,
 When near a fount, which o'er the vale distill'd,
 My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
 Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
 That oh !—'twas but fidelity in me,
 To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee !

to them, as well as to the astronomers, (2 Part p. 143) ; but he ought not to have forgotten their wives and mistresses ; “ *curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquant.*”

* There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, &c. One, in particular, to Nicostrata, whose husband had given her reasons for jealousy, contains such truly considerate and rational advice, that it ought to be translated for the edification of all married ladies. See Gale's *Opuscul. Myth. Phys.* p. 741.

† Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair, and Doctor Thiers (in his *Histoire des Perruques*) seems to take for granted it was all his own ; as he has not mentioned him among those ancients who were obliged to have recourse to the “ *coma apposititia.*” L'Hist. des Perruques, Chap. 1.

No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,
 To waft a wish or embassy desires ;
 But, by a throb to spirits only given,
 By a mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
 Swifter than meteor shaft, through summer skies,
 From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies !

We met—like thee the youthful vision smil'd ;
 But not like thee, when passionately wild,
 Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of my cheek,
 By looking things thyself would blush to speak !
 No ; 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
 Flush'd with the past, and yet serene the while,
 Of that delicious hour when, glowing yet,
 Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
 And thy soul, waking from its wilder'd dream,
 Lights in thine eye a mellow chaster beam !

Oh, my beloved ! how divinely sweet
 Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet !
 The Elean god,* whose faithful waters flow,
 With love their only light, through caves below,

* The river Alpheus ; which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa. *Και επί την Αρδυσαν ἔτα το ἸΑλφείαν νυμφοδολεῖ ἅσαι ἐν ἡ ταιν Ολυμπίῳ ἱερτῇ κ. τ. λ.* Lib. 1.

Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
 And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
 Have deck'd their billow, as an offering meet
 To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet !
 Think, when he mingles with his fountain-bride,
 What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide !
 Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
 Confound their currents in a sea of bliss !
 'Twas thus—

But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
 And thou delight'st not in my lingering dream.
 Oh ! that our lips were, at this moment, near,
 And I would kiss thee into patience, dear !
 And make thee smile at all the magic tales
 Of star-light bowers and planetary vales,
 Which my fond soul, inspir'd by thee and love,
 In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
 But no ; no more—soon as to-morrow's ray
 O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,
 I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
 And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest :
 Then if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
 Thy lip shall teach me something more than dreams !

THE SENSES.

A DREAM.

IMBOWER'D in the vernal shades,
 And circled all by rosy fences,
 I saw the five luxurious maids,
 Whom mortals love, and call **THE SENSES.**

Many and blissful were the ways,
 In which they seem'd to pass their hours—
 One wander'd through the garden's maze,
 Inhaling all the soul of flowers ;

Like those, who live upon the smell
 Of roses, by the Ganges' stream,*
 With perfume from the flow'ret's bell,
 She fed her life's ambrosial dream !

* Circa fontem Gangis Astomorum gentem.....halitu tantum
 viventem et odore quem naribus trahant. Plin. Lib. vii, cap. 2.

Another touch'd the silvery lute,
 To chain a charmed sister's ear,
 Who hung beside her, still and mute,
 Gazing as if her eyes could hear!

The nymph, who thrill'd the warbling wire,
 Would often raise her ruby lip,
 As if it pouted with desire
 Some cooling nectar'd draught to sip.

Nor yet was she, who heard the lute,
 Unmindful of the minstrel maid,
 But prest the sweetest, richest fruit,
 To bathe her ripe lip as she play'd!

But oh! the fairest of the group
 Was one, who in the sunshine lay,
 And op'd the cincture's golden loop
 That hid her bosom's panting play!

And still her gentle hand she stole
 Along the snows, so smoothly orb'd,
 And look'd the while, as if her soul
 Were in that heavenly touch absorb'd!

Another nymph, who linger'd nigh,
 And held a prism of various light,
 Now put the rainbow wonder by,
 To look upon this lovelier sight.

And still as one's enamour'd touch
 Adown the lapsing ivory fell,
 The other's eye, entranc'd as much,
 Hung giddy o'er its radiant swell !

Too wildly charm'd, I would have fled—
 But she, who in the sunshine lay,
 Replac'd her golden loop, and said,
 " We pray thee for a moment stay.

" If true my counting pulses beat,
 " It must be now almost the hour,
 " When love, with visitation sweet,
 " Descends upon our bloomy bower.

" And with him from the sky he brings
 " Our sister-nymph who dwells above—
 " Oh ! never may she haunt these springs
 " With any other god but Love !

" When he illumines her magic urn,
 " And sheds his own enchantments in it,
 " Though but a minute's space it burn,
 " 'Tis heaven to breathe it but a minute !

" Not all the purest power we boast,
 " Nor silken touch, nor vernal dye,
 " Nor music, when it thrills the most,
 " Nor balmy cup, nor perfume's sigh,

"Such transport to the soul can give,
 "Though felt till time itself shall wither,
 "As in that one dear moment live,
 "When Love conducts our sister hither!"

She ceas'd—the air respir'd of bliss—
 A languor slept in every eye;
 And now the scent of Cupid's kiss
 Declar'd the melting power was nigh!

I saw them come—the nymph and boy,
 In twisted wreaths of rapture bound;
 I saw her light the urn of joy,
 While all her sisters languish'd round!

A sigh from every bosom broke—
 I felt the flame's infectious charms,
 Till in a throb of bliss I woke,
 And found myself in FANNY'S arms!

THE
STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE,
APRIL 28.*

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly ;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky ;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry
Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer ;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near ;

* I left Bermuda, in the Boston, about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston, after a short cruise, proceeded to New York.

I think 'tis thus the fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away,
 And, while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails, and, sighing, say,
 Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up, the yards to square,
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.
 Oh! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
 Some breeze may waft me, love, to thee!
 And in that hope I smiling sing,
 Steady, boy! so.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL:

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me ;
And, though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, CLOE, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twin'd about it ;
And, though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself, at last,
To—do without you altogether !

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL.*

To G. M. Esq.

From Fredericksburgh, Virginia.†

JUNE 2.

DEAR George ! though every bone is aching,
After the shaking

* These fragments form but a small part of a ridiculous medley of prose and doggerel, into which, for my amusement, I threw some of the incidents of my journey. If it were even in a more rational form, there is yet much of it too allusive and too personal for publication.

† Having remained about a week at New-York, where I saw Madame Jerome Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake (the only things that particularly awakened my attention), I sailed again in the Boston for Norfolk, from whence I proceeded on my tour to the northward, through Williamsburgh, Richmond, &c. At Richmond there are a few men of considerable talents. Mr. Wickham, one of their celebrated legal characters, is a gentleman, whose manners and mode of life would do honour to the most cultivated societies. Judge Marshall, the author of Washington's Life, is another very distinguished ornament of Richmond. These gentlemen, I must observe, are of that respectable, but at present unpopular, party, the Federalists.

I've had this week over ruts and ridges,*
 And bridges,
 Made of a few uneasy planks,†
 In open ranks,
 Like old women's teeth, all loosely thrown
 Over rivers of mud, whose names alone
 Would make the knees of stoutest man knock,
 Rappahannock,
 Occoquan—the Heavens may harbour us!
 Who ever heard of names so barbarous?
 Worse than M*****'s Latin,
 Or the smooth codicil
 To a witch's will, where she brings her cat in!
 I treat my goddess ill,

* What Mr. Weld says of the continual necessity of balancing or trimming the stage, in passing over some of the wretched roads in America, is by no means exaggerated. "The driver frequently had to call to the passengers in the stage, to lean out of the carriage first at one side, then at the other, to prevent it from oversetting in the deep ruts with which the road abounds. 'Now, gentlemen, to the right;' upon which the passengers all stretched their bodies half way out of the carriage to balance it on that side: 'Now, gentlemen, to the left;' and so on." Weld's Travels, Letter 3.

† Before the stage can pass one of these bridges, the driver is obliged to stop and arrange the loose planks, of which it is composed, in the manner that best suits his ideas of safety; and, as the planks are again disturbed by the passing of the coach, the next travellers who arrive have, of course, a new arrangement to make. Mahomet (as Sale tells us) was at some pains to imagine a precarious kind of bridge for the entrance of Paradise, in order to enhance the pleasures of arrival; a Virginian bridge, I think, would have answered his purpose completely.

(My muse I mean) to make her speak 'em ;
 Like the verbum græcum,
 Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolides,*
 Words, that ought only to be said upon holidays,
 When one has nothing else to do.

But, dearest George, though every bone is aching
 After this shaking,
 And trying to regain the socket,
 From which the stage thought fit to rock it—
 I fancy I shall sleep the better,
 For having scrawl'd a kind of letter
 To you.

It seems to me like "George, good night,"
 Though far the spot I date it from ;
 To which I fancy, while I write,
 You answer back, "Good night t'ye, Tom."

But do not think that I shall turn all
 Sorts of quiddities,
 And insipidities
 Into my journal ;
 That I shall tell you the different prices
 Of eating, drinking, and such other vices,

* Σπερμαγοραιολεκιθολακωνοπωλιδες. From the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, v. 458.

To "contumace your appetite's acidities."*
 No, no, the Muse too delicate bodied is
 For such commodities!
 Neither suppose, like fellow of college, she
 Can talk of conchology
 Or meteorology;
 Or, that a nymph, who wild as comet errs,
 Can discuss barometers,
 Farming tools, statistic histories,
 Geography, law, or such like mysteries,
 For which she doesn't care three skips of
 Prettiest flea, that e'er the lips of
 Catherine Roache look'd smiling upon,
 When bards of France all, one by one,
 Declar'd that never did hand approach
 Such a flea as was caught upon Catherine Roache!†

* This phrase is taken verbatim from an Account of an Expedition to Drummond's Pond, by one of those many Americans, who profess to think that the English language, as it has been hitherto written, is deficient in what they call republican energy. One of the Savans of Washington is far advanced in the construction of a new language for the United States, which is supposed to be a mixture of Hebrew and Mikmak.

† Alluding to a collection of poems, called "La puce des grands jours de Poitiers." They were all written upon a flea, which Stephen Pasquier found on the bosom of the famous Catherine des Roches one morning during the grands-jours of Poitiers. I ask pardon of the learned Catherine's memory, for my vulgar alteration of her most respectable name.

* * * * *

Sentiment, George, I'll talk, when I've got any,
 And botany—
 Oh! Linnæus has made such a prig o' me,
 Cases I'll find of such polygamy
 Under every bush,
 As would make the "shy curcuma"* blush;
 Vice under every name and shape,
 From adulterous gardens to fields of rape!
 I'll send you some *Dionæa Muscipula*,
 And, into Bartram's book if you dip, you'll a
 Pretty and florid description find of
 This "ludicrous, lobed, carnivorous, kind of—"†
 The Lord deliver us,
 Think of a vegetable being "carnivorous!"
 And, George, be sure
 I'll treat you too, like Liancourt,‡

* "Curcuma, cold and shy." Darwin.

† "Observed likewise in these savannas abundance of the ludicrous *Dionæa Muscipula*." Bartram's *Travels in North America*. For his description of this "carnivorous vegetable," see *Introduction*, 13.

‡ This philosophical Duke, describing the view from Mr. Jefferson's house, says, "The Atlantic might be seen, were it not for the greatness of the distance, which renders that prospect impossible." See his *Travels*.

(Nor thou be risible)
 With all the views, so striking and romantic,
 Which one might have of the Atlantic,
 If it were visible.

* * * * *

And now, to tell you the gay variety
 Of my stage society.
 There was a quaker, who room for twenty took,
 Pious and big as a Polyglott Pentateuch !
 There was his niece too, sitting so fair by,
 Like a neat testament, kept to swear by.
 What pity, blooming girl !
 That lips, so ready for a lover,
 Should not beneath their ruby casket cover
 One tooth of pearl ;*
 But, like a rose beside the church-yard stone,
 Be doom'd to blush o'er many a mouldering bone !
 There was * * * *

* * * * *

There was a student of the college too,
 Who said
 Much more about the riches of his head,

* Polygnotus was the first painter, says Pliny, who shewed the teeth in his portraits. He would scarcely, I think, have been tempted to such an innovation in America.

Than, if there were an income-tax on brains,
 His head could venture to acknowledge to.
 I ask'd the Scholar,
 If his—what d'ye call her?
 Alma Mater and her Bishop
 Properly follow'd the Marquis's wish up,*
 And were much advancing
 In dancing!

* * * * *
 * * * * *

* The Marquis de Chastellux, in his wise letter to Mr. Madison, Professor of Philosophy in the College of William and Mary at Williamsburgh, dwells with much earnestness on the attention which should be paid to dancing. See his *Travels*. This college, the only one in the state of Virginia, and the first which I saw in America, gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. That contempt for the elegances of education, which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The young men, who look to advancement, study rather to be demagogues than politicians; and as every thing that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, the levelling system is applied to education, and has had all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. The Abbé Raynal, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says, "When the youth of a country are seen depraved, the nation is on the decline." I know not what the Abbé Raynal would pronounce of this nation now, were he alive, to know the morals of the young students at Williamsburgh! But, when he wrote, his countrymen had not yet introduced the "*doctrinam deos spernentem*" into America.

The evening now grew dark and still !

The whip-poor-will

Sung pensively on every tree ;

And strait I fell into a reverie

Upon that man of gallantry and pith,

Captain Smith : *

And very strange it seem'd to me,

That, after having kiss'd so grand a

Dame as Lady Trabigzanda,

By any chance he

Could take a fancy

To a nymph, with such a copper front as

Pocahuntas !

* John Smith, a famous traveller, and by far the most enterprising of the first settlers in Virginia. How much he was indebted to the interesting young Pocahuntas, daughter of King Powhatan, may be seen in all the histories of this colony. In the dedication of his own work to the Duchess of Richmond, he thus enumerates his *bonnes fortunes*. " Yet my comfort is, that heretofore honourable and vertuous Ladies, and comparable but among themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in forraine parts I have felt reliefe from that sex. The beauteous Lady Trabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turks, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable Lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of my extremities, that blessed Pokahontas, the great King's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life."

Davis, in his whimsical travels through America, has manufactured into a kind of romance the loves of Mr. Rolfe with this "opaci maxima mundi" Pocahuntas.

And now, as through the gloom so dark,
 The fire-flies scatter'd many a fairy spark,*
 To one, that glitter'd on the quaker's bonnet,
 I wrote a sonnet.

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
 Were burning with the blush of spring,
 I saw thee not, thou humble fly,
 Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.
 But now the skies have lost their hue,
 And sunny lights no longer play,
 I see thee, and I bless thee too,
 For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

* The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches, se developpant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettoient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avoit ravie, &c. &c." See *L'Histoire des Antilles*, Art. 2, Chap. iv, Liv. 1.

Oh ! let me hope, that thus for me,
 When life and love shall lose their bloom,
 Some milder joys may come, like thee,
 To light, if not to warm, the gloom,
 And————

Two lines more had just compleated it ;
 But, at the moment I repeated it,
 Our stage,
 (Which good Brissot, with brains so critical
 And sage,
 Calleth the true “ machine political”)*
 With all its load of uncles, scholars, nieces,
 Together jumbled,
 Tumbled
 Into a rut, and fell to pieces !

* * * * *

Good night !—my bed must be,
 By this time, warm enough for me,

* “ The American stages are the true political carriages.”
 Brissot’s Travels, Letter 6th.—There is nothing more amusing
 than the philosophical *singeries* of these French travellers. In one
 of the letters of Clavière, prefixed to those of Brissot, upon their
 plan for establishing a republic of philosophers in some part of the
 western world, he intreats Brissot to be particular in chusing a
 place “ where there are no musquitoes :” forsooth, ne quid res-
 publica detrimenti caperet !

Because I find old Ephraim Steady,
And Miss his niece are there already !

Some cavillers
Object to sleep with fellow-travellers ;

But * * * *
Saints protect the pretty quaker,
Heaven forbid that I should wake her !

THE VASE.

THERE was a vase of odour lay
 For many an hour by Beauty's bed,
 So sweet, that Love went every day
 To breathe the scented air it shed.

And not an eye had ever seen
 The fragrant charm its lid conceal'd ;
 Oh Love ! how happy 'twould have been,
 If thou hadst ne'er that charm reveal'd !

But Love, like every other boy,
 Must know the spell that lurks within ;
 He would have broke the crystal toy,
 But Beauty murmur'd " 'twas a sin ! "

He swore, with many a tender plea,
 That neither heaven nor earth forbad it ;
 She told him, Virtue kept the key,
 And look'd as if—she wish'd he had it !

He stole the key when Virtue slept,
 (E'en she can sleep, if Love but ask it)
 And Beauty sigh'd, and Beauty wept,
 While silly Love unlock'd the casket.

Oh dulcet air ~~that~~ vanish'd then !
 Can Beauty's sigh ~~recall thee ever ?~~
 Can Love, himself, inhale again
 A breath so precious ? never, never !

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
 By Beauty to repentance given,
 Though bitterly on earth they flow,
 Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven !

THE
WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
 I bring thee too a flowery wreath ;
 The gold shall never wear a stain,
 The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe !
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
 Stol'n from Minerva's yellow hair,
 Just when the setting sun had shed
 The sober beam of evening there.
 The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
 With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
 And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
 To heal his lip when bees have stung it !
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
 Which answers when the tongue is loath,
 Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
 And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
 Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
 The world would see them blended oft;
 The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
 The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
 Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
 Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, FANNY, so unblest they twine,
 That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
 When mingled thus they cease to shine,
 Or shine but for a transient season!
 Whether the Chain may press too much,
 Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
 Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
 And all their glow, their tints are faded!
 Sweet FANNY, what would Rapture do,
 When all her blooms had lost their grace!
 Might she not steal a rose or two
 From other Wreaths to fill their place?—
 Oh! better to be always free,
 Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Along her brow's divine expanse.
Just then, the garland's dearest rose
Gave one of its seducing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how FANNY chose,
That ever look'd in FANNY's eyes!
“The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
“The tie to bind my soul to thee!”

SONG

I NE'ER on that lip for a minute have gaz'd,
But a thousand temptations beset me,
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you rais'd,
How delicious 'twould be—if you'd let me !

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought that—you could not but let me !

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
Oh think how bewitching it met me !
And, plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seem'd to say—you would let me !

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,
For, in truth, if I go, you'll regret me ;
Or oh ! let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish—will you let me ?

TO

AND hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
 That many a time obscures my brow,
 Mid all the blisses, darling maid,
 Which thou can'st give, and only thou?

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
 The endearing charms that round me twine—
 There never throbb'd a bosom yet
 Could feel their witchery, like mine!

When bashful on my bosom hid,
 And blushing to have felt so blest,
 Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
 Again to close it on my breast!

Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
 Thine own to give, and mine to feel,
 Yet, e'en in them, my heart has known
 The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
 When he who first thy soul possest,
 Like me awak'd its witching powers,
 Like me was lov'd, like me was blest !

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
 Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt ;
 For him that snowy lid hath hung
 In ecstasy, as purely felt !

For him—yet why the past recal,
 To wither blooms of present bliss ?
 Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
 And heaven can grant no more than this !

Forgive me, dearest, oh ! forgive !
 I would be first, be sole to thee,
 Thou should'st have but begun to live,
 The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
 Love should have kept that leaf alone,
 On which he first so dearly trac'd
 That thou wert, soul and all, my own !

EPISTLE VI.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Και μη θαυμασθῇς μήτ' εἰ μακροτέρων γέγραφα τὴν ἐπιστολήν, μήτ' εἰ τι περι-
εργότεροι ἢ πρὸς ὅσους ἐγὼ εἰσηκίμην ἐν αὐτῇ.....ISOCH. *Epist.* iv.

IF former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man ;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phœnix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown ;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot, and heaven within his view,
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,

Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
 Could tell him fools had dream'd as much before!
 But, tracing as we do, through age and clime
 The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,
 The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
 Of man, at once the ideot and the sage;
 When still we see, through every varying frame
 Of arts and polity, his course the same,
 And know that ancient fools but died, to make
 A space on earth for modern fools to take;
 'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
 That wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
 Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
 Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
 Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
 O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
 And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin!

E'en here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
 Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
 Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
 Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
 Belie the monuments of frailty past,
 And stamp perfection on this world at last!
 "Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
 Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.

" Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
 " Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth,
 " To full maturity of nerve and mind,
 " Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind !*
 " Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
 " In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
 " But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
 " Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
 " Around the columns of the public shrine
 " Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
 " Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
 " Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
 " No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
 " Or wrong the many, while she rights the few ;
 " But take her range through all the social frame,
 " Pure and pervading as that vital flame,
 " Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
 " And thrills a hair while it expands a heart !"

Oh golden dream ! what soul, that loves to scan
 The brightness rather than the shades of man,

* Thus Morse. " Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements : here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny : here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge," &c. &c. P. 569.

That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
 And loves the world with all its frailty still—
 What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
 The generous hope with all that heavenly heat
 Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
 The thoughts of growing, e'en on earth, divine !
 Yes, dearest FORBES, I see thee glow to think
 The chain of ages yet may boast a link
 Of purer texture than the world has known,
 And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne !

But, is it thus ? doth e'en the glorious dream
 Borrow from truth that faint penumbral gleam,
 Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
 As kills not reason, while it nurses hope ?
 No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—e'en now,
 While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
 The showy smile of young Presumption plays,
 Her bloom is poison'd, and her heart decays !
 E'en now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
 Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
 And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
 She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime !*

* "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit ?" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous dispatch to his government which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, Vol. i, p. 279. It

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
 The foul Philosophy, that sins by rule,
 With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
 Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
 Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
 The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud !
 Already has she pour'd her poison here
 O'er every charm that makes existence dear,
 Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
 The opening bloom of every social grace,
 And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
 Round virtue's stem the flow'rets of her fruit !

Oh ! were these errors but the wanton tide
 Of young luxuriance, of unchasten'd pride !
 The fervid follies and the faults of such
 As wrongly feel, because they feel too much ;
 Then might experience make the fever less,
 Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess :
 But no ; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
 All youth's transgression with all age's chill,
 The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
 A slow and cold stagnation into vice !

remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side,
 and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend
 the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labour under
 a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American pa-
 triotism.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
 Comes, skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear !
 Long has it palsied every grasping hand
 And greedy spirit through this bartering land ;
 Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
 So loose abroad, that virtue's self is sold,
 And conscience, truth, and honesty, are made
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade !

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
 Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate
 To shew the world what high perfection springs
 From rabble senators and merchant kings—
 E'en here already patriots learn to steal
 Their private perquisites from public weal,
 And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
 Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire !
 Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
 From England's debtors to be England's foes,
 Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
 And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,*

* The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country,
 amongst the politicians of the Western world, has been a Virginian

Have prov'd, at length, the mineral's tempting hue;
 Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.*
 Oh ! freedom, freedom, how I hate thy cant !
 Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
 Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
 From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
 Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
 As the rank jargon of that factious race,
 Who, poor of heart, and prodigal of words,
 Born to be slaves, and struggling to be lords,
 But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
 And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul !
 Who can, with patience, for a moment see
 The medley mass of pride and misery,
 Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
 Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,†

merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great-Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

* See Porcupine's Account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection, in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's Works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related, and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

† In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month

And all the pyc-bald polity that reigns
 In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
 To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
 Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod,
 O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
 Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty!
 Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
 By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
 In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
 Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
 Than thus to live, where bastard freedom waves
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
 Where (motley laws admitting no degree
 Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free)
 Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
 The brute made ruler, and the man made brute!

But, oh my FORBES! while thus, in flowerless song,
 I feebly paint what yet I feel so strong,
 The ills, the vices of the land, where first
 Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurst;
 Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
 And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they serv'd—

without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly-acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes, to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

Thou, gently lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
 By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
 Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
 That bard hath fancied, or that sage hath been !
 Why should I wake thee ? why severely chace
 The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
 That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
 By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
 Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
 Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart !

Forgive me, FORBES—and should the song destroy
 One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
 One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
 Which few can feel, and bless that few who can !
 Oh ! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
 Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
 Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
 And proudly study all her light in him !
 Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
 And feel that man may reach perfection yet !

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair—but oh! how fair,
If pity's hand had stol'n from love—
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf, where love had sigh'd,
Were sweetly worth them all!

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me!

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
 How sweet to hear the distant sound
 Of footstep, coming soft and light !
 What pleasure in the anxious beat,
 With which the bosom flies to meet
 That foot, that comes so soft at night !

And then, at night, how sweet to say
 "Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
 Though still the western clouds are bright ;
 Oh ! happy too the silent press,
 The eloquence of mute caress,
 With those we love exchange'd at night !

At night, what dear employ to trace,
 In fancy, every glowing grace
 That's hid by darkness from the sight ;
 And guess by every broken sigh,
 What tales of bliss the shrouded eye
 Is telling from the soul at night !

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "At Night" written over him.

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
 I nothing did but drink and fill;
 The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
 'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bade an artist paint
 Thy image in this ample cup,
 That I might see the dimpled saint,
 To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
 Is blushing through the wave at me!
 Every roseate drop I sip
 Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
 For, ever when the draught I drain,
 Thy lip invites another kiss,
 And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear !
And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine !

TO

*****'S PICTURE.

1803.

GO then, if she whose shade thou art
 No more will let thee soothe my pain—
 Yet tell her, it has cost this heart
 Some pangs, to give thee back again !

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
 With which she made thy semblance mine,
 As bitter is the burning tear,
 With which I now the gift resign !

Oh ! many an hour of lonely night,
 While ***** thought her love betray'd,
 These eyes have known no dear delight
 But gazing upon *****'s shade !

Yes, though my heart was sad the while,
 (As sad, alas ! this heart can be)
 I've kist thee, till thou'st seem'd to smile,
 And in that smile was peace for me !

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me wild and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah ! 'tis vain—go picture, go—
Smile at me once, and then—adieu !

FROM THE GREEK.*

I'VE prest her bosom oft and oft ;
 In spite of many a pouting check,
 Have touch'd her lip in dalliance soft,
 And play'd around her silvery neck ;

But, as for more—the maid's so coy,
 That saints or angels might have seen us ;
 She's now for prudence, now for joy,
 Minerva half, and half a Venus.

When Venus makes her bless me near,
 Why then Minerva makes her loth :
 And—oh the sweet, tormenting dear !
 She makes me mad between them both !

* Μαζὺς χερσὶν ἔχω, στόματι στόμα, δι' ἐπὶ δεξιᾷ
 Ἀσχετὰ λυγρῶν βότρυες ἀργυρῶν
 Οὐκ ἔδ' ἀφραγίστῃσι ἔλκ' εἶλον' ἀλλ' ἐτι καμῶν
 Παρδύτοι ἀμφίποτοι λευκοὶ ἀναισθητοί
 Ἦμισυ γὰρ Πάρις, τὸ δ' ἥμισυ δίδωκε Ἀθήνη
 Αὐτὰρ ἔγω μοισσὸς τέκεμαι ἀμφοτέρω.

Paulus Silentarius.

FRAGMENT

OF

A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.*

BLEST infant of eternity !

Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,

Thou wert alone, O Love !

Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee !

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timæus held Form to be the father, and Matter the mother, of the World; Elion and Berouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "*tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia.*"

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,
 As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
 No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
 As o'er the watery waste it lingering died!

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
 That latent in his heart was sleeping;
 Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
 Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look what glory through the darkness beams!
 Celestial airs along the water glide:
 What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
 So lovely? art thou but the child
 Of the young godhead's dreams,
 That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
 Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
 Collected in so bright a form,
 Till, kindled by the ardent spell
 Of his desiring eyes,
 And all impregnate with his sighs,
 They spring to life in shape so fair and warm!
 'Tis she!

Psyche, the first-born spirit of the air
 To thee, O Love! she turns,
 On thee her eye-beam burns:
 Blest hour of nuptial ecstasy!
 They meet—

The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh ! sweet, oh heavenly sweet !
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine ;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn !

* * * * *

* * * *



TO
HIS SERENE HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS

PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE F—R—G.

Donington Park, 1802.

TO catch the thought, by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,
And o'er the magic tablet tell
The silent story of the mind;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade !

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
Divinest of the powers divine,
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
And these, O Prince ! are richly thine.

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
 In emanating soul exprest,
 The sweet memorial of a face
 On which her eye delights to rest ;

While o'er the lovely look serene
 The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
 The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
 The eye, that tells the bosom's truth ;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
 Her soul with fond attention roves,
 Blessing the hand, whose various hue
 Could imitate the form it loves ;

She feels the value of thy art,
 And owns it with a purer zeal,
 A rapture, nearer to her heart
 Than critic taste can *ever* feel !

THE
PHILOSOPHER* ARISTIPPUS

TO
A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

DULCIS CONSCIA LECTULI LUCERNA.

Martial, Lib. xiv, Epig. 39.

“OH! love the Lamp,” (my Mistress said)
“The faithful Lamp, that, many a night,
“Beside my LAIS’ lonely bed
“Has kept its little watch of light!

* It was not very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, were all the necessary qualifications for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood, that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to

" Full often has it seen her weep,
 " And fix her eye upon its flame,
 " Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
 " Repeating her beloved's name !

" Oft has it known her cheek to burn
 " With recollections, fondly free,
 " And seen her turn, impassion'd turn,
 " To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,
 " And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
 " That kiss to feel, that thought to share !

" Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
 " Thy step through learning's sacred way;
 " And, lighted by its happy ray,
 " Whene'er those darling eyes shall read

become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature too, though they discovered some valuable truths, yet they seemed not to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch, de Placit. Philosoph. Lib. ii, Cap. 13. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring and smiling at the genius, the absurdities, of the philosophers.

" Of things sublime, of nature's birth,
 " Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
 " Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas given,
 " Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes—dearest Lamp! by every charm
 On which thy midnight beam has hung;*
 The neck reclin'd, the graceful arm
 Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
 The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
 The fringe, that from the snowy lid
 Along the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
 And long as all shall charm my heart,
 I'll love my little Lamp of gold;
 My Lamp and I shall never part!

* The ancients had their *lucernæ cubiculariæ*, or bed-chamber lamps, which, as the emperor Gallienus said, "*nil cras meminere*;" and with the same commendation of secrecy, Praxagora addresses her lamp in Aristophanes, *Eccl. 105*. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic *Lucerna* which we find in the Romanum Museum Mich. Ang. Causci, p. 127.

And often, as she smiling said,
 In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
 Shall guide my visionary tread
 Through poesy's enchanting maze !

Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
 Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
 Where still the bard, though cold in death,
 Has left his burning soul behind !
 Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
 O man of Ascra's dreary glades !*
 To whom the nightly-warbling Nine†
 A wand of inspiration gave, ‡
 Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shades
 The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
 We'll cull the sage's heavenly store,
 From Science steal her golden clue,
 And every mystic path pursue,
 Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,
 Through labyrinths of wonder flies !

* Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascra. *Erg. και 'Ημας*. v. 251.

† *Ενυχίαι σείχον, περικαλλέα ούσαι ισισαι*. Theog. v. 10.

‡ *Και μοι σκηπτρον εδον, δαφνης εριθλησα οζον*. Id. v. 30.

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
 The passing world's precarious flight,
 Where all, that meets the morning glow,
 Is chang'd before the fall of night!*

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
 "Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
 "And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
 Will also quench yon heaven of suns!"

Oh! then if earth's united power
 Can never chain one feathery hour;
 If every print we leave to-day
 To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
 Who pauses, to enquire of heaven
 Why were the fleeting treasures given,
 The sunny days, the shady nights,
 And all their brief but dear delights,
 Which heaven has made for man to use,
 And man should think it guilt to loose?
 Who, that has cull'd a weeping rose,
 Will ask it why it breathes and glows,

* *Ἐν ταῖς ἀλλὰ ποταμῶν διαρρῆ*, as expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est manens, qui fuit pridie. Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quidquid vides currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quæ videmus manet. Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," &c.

Unmindful of the blushing ray,
 In which it shines its soul away ;
 Unmindful of the scented sigh,
 On which it dies and loves to die !

Pleasure ! thou only good on earth ! *
 One little hour resign'd to thee—
 Oh ! by my L*A*ïs' lip, 'tis worth
 The sage's immortality !

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
 And all the lore, whose tame control
 Would wither joy with chill delays !
 Alas ! the fertile fount of sense,
 At which the young, the panting soul,
 Drinks life and love, too soon decays !

Sweet Lamp ! thou wert not form'd to shed
 Thy splendor on a lifeless page—
 Whate'er my blushing L*A*ïs said
 Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,

* Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ!*

And, soon as night shall close the eye
Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear!
Nor let her dream of bliss so near;
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,

* Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "*une nouvelle creature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra gouter les mêmes plaisirs.*" See his *nus Physique*. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well ridiculed in the *Akakia* of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his *Essai de Philosophie Morale*, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laetius, held, *μη διαφerein τι ηδονη ηδονης*, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis: "*Tant qu'on ne considere que l' état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du même genre,*" &c. &c.

And I shall lift the locks, that flow
 Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
 And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
 And wake her into sweet surprise !
 Or if she dream, oh ! let her dream
 Of those delights we both have known
 And felt so truly, that they seem
 Form'd to be felt by us alone !

And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
 Shall see her bosom warmly move,
 And hear her faintly, lowly speak
 The murmur'd sounds so dear to love !
 Oh ! I shall gaze, till even the sigh,
 That wafts her very soul, be nigh,
 And when the nymph is all but blest,
 Sink in her arms and share the rest !
 Sweet Lais ! what an age of bliss
 In that one moment waits for me !
 O sages !—think on joy like this,
 And where's your boast of apathy !

TO

MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Ταυτο δι τι γρητι το παυον ; πλαση, εφω.

Cebetis Tabula.

THEY say that Love had once a book,
 (The urchin likes to copy you)
 Where, all who came the pencil took,
 And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid-divine,
 Who kept this volume bright and fair,
 And saw that no unhallow'd line,
 Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
 With fond device and loving lore,
 And every leaf she turn'd was still
 More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
 How light the magic pencil ran !
 Till Fear would come, alas ! as oft,
 And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
 And Jealousy would, now and then,
 Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
 Which Love had still to smooth again !

But, oh ! there was a blooming boy,
 Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
 And wrote therein such words of joy,
 As all who read still sigh'd for more !

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
 And though so soft his voice and look,
 Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
 Would tremble for her spotless book !

For still she saw his playful fingers
 Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys ;
 And well she knew the stain that lingers
 After sweets from wanton boys !

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night
 He let his honey-goblet fall
 O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
 And sullied lines and marge and all !

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
 The honey from the leaf to drink,
 For still the more the boy would sip,
 The deeper still the blot would sink !

Oh ! it would make you weep to see
 The traces of this honey flood
 Steal o'er a page where Modesty
 Had freshly drawn a rose's bud !

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
 And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd,
 And Love himself could scarcely know
 What Love himself had lately trac'd !

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
 (For how, alas ! could Pleasure stay?)
 And Love, while many a tear he shed,
 In blushes flung the book away !

The index now alone remains,
 Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
 And though it bears some honey stains,
 Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure !

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
 And oft, by this memorial aided,
 Brings back the pages now no more,
 And thinks of lines, that long are faded !

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated ;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related !

EPISTLE VII.

TO

THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

From the City of Washington.

Διγυμνομαι διγυμνοτα ισως ακριστα· καινωτα ον πιπτοιδα με εχων.

XENOPHONT. *Ephes. Ephesiacc.* Lib. v.

'TIS evening now ; the heats and cares of day
 In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
 The lover now, beneath the western star,
 Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,
 And fills the ears of some consenting she
 With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy !
 The weary statesman for repose hath fled
 From halls of council to his negro's shed,

Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace!*

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome,†
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now!—‡
This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood § and ***** they see,
Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be!

* The "black Aspasia" of the present ***** of the United States, "inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas" has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits in America.

† "On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld) the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome." Weld's Travels, Letter iv.

‡ A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

§ "To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour, and in the same city is a curious, and, I believe, a novel, circumstance." Weld, Letter iv.

The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings,

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave
 The dying sun prepares his golden grave!—
 O great Potowmac! O you banks of shade!
 You mighty scenes, in nature's morning made,
 While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
 She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
 Nor yet had learned to stoop, with humbler care,
 From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
 Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
 Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
 Where bards should meditate, and heroes rove,
 And woman charm, and man deserve her love!

which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The Hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, *τα δὲ ἐν ἀπορρητῷ*.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago have remained so long waste and unfinished, that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

Oh ! was a world so bright but born to grace
 Its own half-organiz'd, half-minded race*
 Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
 Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest ?
 Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
 Where none but demigods should dare to roam ?
 Or worse, thou mighty world ! Oh ! doubly worse,
 Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
 The motley dregs of every distant clime,
 Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime,
 Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
 In full malignity to rankle here ?
 But, hush !—observe that little mount of pines,
 Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,
 There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
 The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief,†
 Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
 And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame ;

* The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the notes on Virginia, where this gentleman endeavours to disprove in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers, that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) *be-littles* her productions in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered. See his *Recherches sur les Americains*, Part i, Tom. I, p. 102.

† On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign !

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page ?
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage !
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold !

While warmer souls command, nay make their fate,
Thy fate made thee, and forc'd thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more ;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim ;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be !

Now turn thee, HUME, where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh ! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,

With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
 If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
 One pulse, that beats more proudly than the rest,
 With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
 Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
 Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
 And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
 There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!
 Rank must be reverenc'd, e'en the rank that's there:
 So here I pause—and now, my HUME! we part;
 But, oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
 Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
 By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!
 O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
 Midst bears and yankies, democrats and frogs,
 Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
 With me shall wonder, and with me despise!
 While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
 To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
 Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
 Her freedom spreads, 'unfever'd and serene;
 Where sovereign man can condescend to see
 The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!
 Once more adieu!—my weary eye-lid winks,
 The moon grows clouded, and my taper sinks.

Tu semper amoris

Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago.

Valerius Flaccus, Lib. iv.

LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

τηδε την πολιν φίλος
 Εἶπ' ὅν' ἐπαΐα γὰρ.

SOPHOCLE. *Œdip. Colon.* v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye ;
 But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,
 And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh !

O Nature ! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays
 In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own !

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
 Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet ;
 Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
 Till the threshold of home had been kist by his feet !

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
 And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
 And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
 That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—O woman! whose form and whose soul
 Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
 Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
 If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
 That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
 Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
 Like them did it soften and weep at his song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
 May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
 Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
 As free from a pang ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
 When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
 To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
 As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

THE
FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.*

—

'T WAS on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay ;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs the almighty Power,
At nature's dawning hour,

* Though I call this a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot presume to say that it possesses, in any degree, the characteristics of that species of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic, το δῖον ᾠσάνδριον, is very imperfectly known. According to M. Burette, a licentious irregularity of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, and a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most distinguishing features. He adds, "Ces caractères des dithyrambes se font sentir à ceux qui lisent attentivement les odes de Pindare." *Memoirs de l'Acad.* vol. x, p. 306. And the same opinion may be collected from Schmidt's dissertation upon the subject. But I think, if the Dithyrambics of Pindar were in our possession, we should find, that, however wild and fanciful, they were by no means the tasteless

Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul ! *

Around

Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight

From eastern isles,

jargon they are represented, and that even their irregularity was what Boileau calls "un beau désordre." Chiabrera, who has been styled the Pindar of Italy, and from whom all its poetry upon the Greek model was called Chiabreresco (as Crescimbeni informs us, Lib. i, Cap. 12) has given, amongst his Vendemmie, a Dithyrambic, all' uso de' Greci; it is full of those compound epithets, which, we are told, were a chief character of the style (*συνθεταὶ δὲ λέξεις ποιητῶν*. Suid. *Διθυραμβοδιδ.*); such as

Briglindorato Pegaso
Nubicalpestator.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the license of dithyrambics, would ever have descended to ballad-language like the following:

Bella Figli, e bella Clori,
Non più dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra
Fo le fiche a' vostri baci.
..... esser vorrei Coppier,
E se troppo desiro,
Deh fossi io Bottiglier.

Rime del CHIABRERA, Part II, p. 352.

* This is a Platonic fancy; the philosopher supposes, in his *Timæus*, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls; in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid. *Ταυτ' εἶπε καὶ πάλιν ἐπὶ τοῖς πρῶτοις κρητῆρας ἐν ᾗ τῇ τε πάντες ψυχὴν κατέκτισε ἐμύσγει κ. τ. λ.*

(Where they have bath'd them in the orient ray,
 And with fine fragrance all their bosoms fill'd)
 In circles flew, and melting, as they flew,
 A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd !
 All, all was luxury !

All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles !
 His locks divine
 Were crown'd
 With a bright meteor-braid,
 Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
 Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
 And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd !
 While 'mid the foliage hung,
 Like lucid grapes,
 A thousand clustering blooms of light,
 Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy !
 Upon his bosom, Cytherea's head
 Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
 Her beauty's dawn,
 And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
 Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
 The captive deity
 Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
 In chains of ecstasy !
 Now, on his arm,
 In blushes she repos'd,
 And, while her zone resign'd its every charm,

To shade his burning eyes, her hand in dalliance stole,
 And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
 The nectar'd wave
 Lyæus gave,
 And from her eyelids, gently clos'd,
 Shed a dissolving gleam,
 Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl!
 While her bright hair, in mazy flow
 Of gold, descending
 Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
 Wav'd o'er the goblet's side,
 And was reflected by its crystal tide,
 Like a sweet crocus flower,
 Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour,
 With roses of Cyrene blending,*
 Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream!

 The Olympian cup
 Burn'd in the hands
 Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
 Up
 The empyreal mount,
 To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount;†

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. *Ευοσμاتا τα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ροδα.*

† Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. "Scintilla stellaris essentia." MACROBIUS, in Somn. Scip. Lib. i, cap. 14.

And still,
 As the resplendent rill
 Flam'd o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
 Her graceful care
 Would cool its heavenly fire
 In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
 Such as the children of the pole respire,
 In those enchanted lands,*
 Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow!
 But oh!
 Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
 And what a blush were thine,
 When, as the breath of every Grace
 Wafted thy fleet career
 Along the studded sphere,
 With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink,
 Some star, that glitter'd in the way,
 Raising its amorous head
 To kiss so exquisite a tread,

* The country of the Hyperboreans. They were supposed to be placed so far north, that the north-wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions. Thus the former: *Τὰ ὅν πτερά εἰκαζόντας τὴν χιόνα τῆς Σκυθίας τε καὶ τῆς περιεικῆς δοκεῖ λεγέειν.* HERODOT. Lib. iv, cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise. See *Metamorph. Lib. xv.*

Check'd thy impatient pace !
 And all heaven's host of eyes
 Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
 In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies !*
 Upon whose starry plain they lay,
 Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
 Shed from a vernal thorn
 Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn !
 Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
 The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
 An image of their rosy idol, laid
 Upon a diamond shrine !

The wanton wind,
 Which had pursued the flying fair,
 And sweetly twin'd
 Its spirit with the breathing rings
 Of her ambrosial hair,
 Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling wings
 (Oh wanton wind !)
 Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow
 Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,

* I believe it is Servius who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cupbearer ; and Hoffman tells it after him : " Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus cauté incedens, cecidisset, revolutisque vestibus "—in short, she fell in a very awkward manner, and though (as the Encyclopédistes think) it would have amused Jove at any other time, yet, as he happened to be out of temper on that day, the poor girl was dismissed from her employment.

Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries !*

* * * *

* the brow of Juno flush'd—

Love bless'd the breeze !

The Muses blush'd,

And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,

While every eye was glancing through the strings.

Drops of ethereal dew,

That burning gush'd,

As the great goblet flew

From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky !

Who was the spirit that remember'd Man

In that voluptuous hour ?

And with a wing of love

Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,

As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,

And sent them floating to our orb below ?†

* The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass ; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "*asinus portat mysteria.*" See the Divine Legation, Book ii, sect. 4.

† In the Geoponica, Lib. ii, cap. 17, there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. *Εἰ ἔρηναι τῶν θεῶν εὐαχόμενοι, καὶ τὴ νικταρὸς πολλὰ παρακείμενῃ, ἀνασηκίτηται χωρὶς τοῦ ἑρῶτα καὶ συστῆσαι τῷ πτερῷ τῇ κρηττοῦς τῇ βασιν, καὶ περιστρέψαι μὲν αὐτοὶ τὸ δὲ νικταρ εἰς τῇ γῆν πρὸς τὴν κ. τ. λ.* Vid. Autor. de Re Rust. edit. Cantab. 1704.

Essence of immortality !

The shower

Fell glowing through the spheres ;
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow !

Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of Heaven's illumin'd lyre,*
Stealing the soul of music in its flight !
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole !
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the rill of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright !

* The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendent, which are enumerated by Pontano, in his *Urania* :

—Ecce novem cum pectine chordas
E modulans, mulcetque novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captæ nascentum animæ concordia ducunt
Pectora, &c.

The child of day,
 Within his twilight bower,
 Lay sweetly sleeping
 On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower;*
 When round him, in profusion weeping,
 Dropp'd the celestial shower,
 Steeping
 The rosy clouds, that curl'd
 About his infant head,
 Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed!
 But when the waking boy
 Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
 O morn of joy!
 The tide divine,
 All glittering with the vermil dye
 It drank beneath his orient eye,
 Distill'd in dews, upon the world,
 And every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!

Blest be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
 That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,

* The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. *Εἰτε Αἰγυπτίως ἱερακὸς ἀρχὴν ἀνατολῆς παῖδιον νεογέννητον ὑποκείμενον ἐπὶ λωτῶν καθιζόμενον.* Plutarch. *περί τῆς μὴ χράν ἱεμεστῆς.* See also his treatise de Isid. et Osir. Observing that the lotos shewed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating it to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos, is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones. See Montfaucon, tom. ii, planche 158, and the "Supplement, &c. tom. ii, lib. vii, chap. 5.

The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial springs !
 Less sweet the flow'ret, and less sweet the sod,
 O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
 The magic mantle of her solar god !*

* The antients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest: and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated. Plutarch. Sympos. lib. iv, cap. 2, where (as Vossius remarks) *καιτοι*, instead of *καλτοι*, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, De Origin. et Progress. Idololat. lib. iii, cap. 13.

TO

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again !

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins !

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother !
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another !

ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never look'd so kind before—
 "Yet why the wanton's smile recal?
 "I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
 "'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sipp'd
 The wine which she had lately tasted;
 The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
 Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
 As if 'twere not of her I sang;
 But still the notes on LAMIA hung—
 On whom but LAMIA *could* they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
 A world for every kiss I'd give her;
 Those floating eyes, that floating shine,
 Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
 Of which luxurious heaven hath cast her,
 Through which her soul doth beam as white
 As flame through lamps of alabaster !

Of these I sung, and notes and words
 Were sweet, as if 'twas LAMIA's hair
 That lay upon my lute for chords,
 And LAMIA's lip that warbled there !

But when, alas ! I turn'd the theme,
 And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
 Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
 The chord beneath my finger broke !

False harp ! false woman!—such, oh ! such
 Are lutes too frail and maids too willing;
 Every hand's licentious touch
 Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling !

And when that thrill is most awake,
 And when you think heaven's joys await you,
 The nymph will change, the chord will break—
 O Love ! O Music ! how I hate you !

TO

MRS. *****

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

IS not thy mind a gentle mind?
 Is not thy heart a heart refin'd?
 Hast thou not every blameless grace,
 That man should love or heaven can trace?
 And oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
 To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
 Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near.
 May now repay its love with blame;
 Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
 Ungenerous man be first to wound thee;
 Though the whole world may freeze around thee,
 Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear,*
 Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere,

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some pointless epigrams. It was a drop of pure water inclosed within

In liquid purity was found,
 Though all had grown congeal'd around ;
 Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
 Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still !

a piece of crystal. See Claudian. Epigram. de Chrystallo cui aqua inerat. Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; he also says, "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendôme in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen." Addison's Remarks on several parts of Italy.

HYMN

OF

A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

OH! lost, for ever lost!—no more
 Shall Vesper light our dewy way
 Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
 To hymn the fading fires of day!
 No more to Tempé's distant vale
 In holy musings shall we roam,
 Through Summer's glow and Winter's gale,
 To bear the mystic chaplets home!*

* The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but, upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute." *Αλλά μην και τω κατακομιζοντι παιδι την Τημπικην δαφνην εις Δελφωσ παραμαρτιι αυλητης.*

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
 By nature warm'd and led by thee,
 In every breeze was taught to feel
 The breathings of a deity !
 Guide of my heart ! to memory true,
 Thy looks, thy words, are still my own—
 I see thee raising from the dew
 Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown,
 And hear thee say, " This humble bough
 " Was planted for a doom divine,
 " And, though it weep in languor now,
 " Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine !
 " Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
 " Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
 " A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
 " To bloom immortal in the skies ! "

Thy words had such a melting flow,
 And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
 They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
 And all was brightness where they fell !
 Fond soother of my infant tear !
 Fond sharer of my infant joy !
 Is not thy shade still lingering here ?
 Am I not still thy soul's employ ?
 And, oh ! as oft, at close of day,
 When, meeting on the sacred mount,
 Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
 And danc'd around Cassotis' fount ;

As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
 That mine should be the simplest mien,
 My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
 My foot the lightest o'er the green :
 So still, each little grace to mould,
 Around my form thine eyes are shed,
 Arranging every snowy fold,
 And guiding every mazy tread !
 And, when I lead the hymning choir,
 Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
 Hovers between my lip and lyre,
 And weds them into harmony !
 Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
 Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
 Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
 To memory so divinely dear !

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὡςπερ σφραγίδος τὰ φιλήματα.

Achilles Tutiuss, Lib. ii.

“GO!” said the angry, weeping maid,
 “The charm is broken!—once betray’d,
 “Oh! never can my heart rely
 “On word or look, on oath or sigh.
 “Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
 “With promised faith and vows to heaven;
 “That little ring which, night and morn,
 “With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
 “That seal, which oft in moments blest,
 “Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
 “And sworn its dewy spring should be
 “A fountain seal’d * for only thee!”

* There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars shew a fountain, which they say is the ‘sealed fountain,’ to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs, and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking.” Maundrell’s Travels. See also the notes to Mr. Good’s Translation of the Song of Solomon.

“ Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
 “ All sullied, lost and hateful now !”

I took the ring—the seal I took,
 While, oh ! her every tear and look
 Were such as angels look and shed,
 When man is by the world misled !
 Gently I whisper’d, “ FANNY, dear !
 “ Not half thy lover’s gifts are here :
 “ Say, where are all the seals he gave
 “ To every ringlet’s jetty wave,
 “ And where is every one he printed
 “ Upon that lip so ruby-tinted,
 “ Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
 “ Oh ! richer, softer, far than this !

“ And then the ring—my love ! recal
 “ How many rings, delicious all,
 “ His arms around that neck hath twisted,
 “ Twining warmer far than this did !
 “ Where are they all, so sweet so many ?
 “ Oh ! dearest, give back all, if any !”

While thus I murmur’d, trembling too
 Lest all the nymph had vow’d was true,
 I saw a smile relenting rise
 Mid the moist azure of her eyes,

Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew !
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh ! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals !

TO

MISS SUSAN B——CKF——D,

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
 A song, like those thy lips have given,
 And it was sung by shapes of light,
 Who seem'd, like thee, to breathe of heaven !

But this was all a dream of sleep,
 And I have said, when morning shone,
 " Oh! why should fairy Fancy keep
 " These wonders for herself alone ?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
 Such tones to one of mortal birth ;
 I knew not then that heaven had sent
 A voice, a form like thine on earth !

And yet, in all that flowery maze,
 Through which my life has lov'd to tread,
 When I have heard the sweetest lays
 From lips of dearest lustre shed ;

When I have felt the warbled word
 From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
 Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
 Upon a rose's bosom lying !

Though form and song, at once combin'd
 Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
 My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pin'd
 For something softer, lovelier still !

Oh ! I have found it all, at last,
 In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
 Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
 Its harmonizing breath of fire !

All that my best and wildest dream,
 In fancy's hour, could hear or see
 Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
 Are realiz'd at once in thee !

LINES

WRITTEN AT

*THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.**

GIA ERA IN LOCO OVE S'UDIA 'L RIMBOMBO
DELL' ACQUA.....

Dante.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And, as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizards' midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene, than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux make it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
 Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd,
 Flying by every green recess
 That woo'd him to its calm caress,
 Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
 As if to leave one look behind!
 Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
 How like to thee, thou restless tide!
 May be the lot, the life of him,
 Who roams along thy water's brim?
 Through what alternate shades of wo,
 And flowers of joy, my path may go!
 How many an humble, still retreat
 May rise to court my weary feet,
 While still pursuing, still unblest,
 I wander on, nor dare to rest!
 But, urgent as the doom that calls
 Thy water to its destin'd falls,
 I see the world's bewildering force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course
 From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
 And the lost current cease to run!
 Oh may my falls be bright as thine!
 May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
 Upon the mist that circles me,
 As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

TO

I OFTEN wish that thou wert dead,
 And I beside thee calmly sleeping ;
 Since love is o'er and passion fled,
 And life has nothing worth our keeping !

No—common souls may bear decline
 Of all, that throb'd them once so high ;
 But hearts, that beat like thine and mine,
 Must still love on—love on or die !

'Tis true, our early joy was such,
 That nature could not bear the excess !
 It was too much—for life too much—
 Though life be all a blank with less !

To see that eye, so cold, so still,
 Which once, O God ! could melt in bliss—
 No, no, I *cannot* bear the chill ;
 Hate, burning hate, were heaven to this !

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS ! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee ;
While FANNY, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid !

ON

A BEAUTIFUL EAST-INDIAN.

IF all the daughters of the sun
Have loving looks and hearts of flame,
Go, tell me not that *she* is one—
’Twas from the wintry moon she came !

And yet, sweet eye ! thou ne’er wert given
To kindle what thou dost not feel ;
And yet, thou flushing lip—by heaven !
Thou ne’er wert made for DIAN’S seal !

Oh ! for a sunbeam, rich and warm
From thy own Ganges’ fervid haunts,
To light thee up, thou lovely form !
To all my soul adores and wants :

To see thee burn—to faint and sigh
Upon that bosom as it blaz’d,
And be, myself, the first to die
Amid the flame myself had rais’d !

TO

MISS *****



WITH woman's form and woman's tricks
 So much of man you seem to mix,
 One knows not where to take you :
 I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
 Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
 Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay—you need not take the pains—
 With neither beauty, youth, nor brains,
 For man or maid's desiring ;
 Pert as female, fool as male,
 As boy too green, as girl too stale—
 The thing's not worth enquiring !

TO

ON HER ASKING ME TO ADDRESS A POEM TO HER.

SINE VENERE FRIGET APOLLO.

Ægid. Menagius

How can I sing of fragrant sighs

I ne'er have felt from thee ?

How can I sing of smiling eyes,

That ne'er have smil'd on me ?

The heart, 'tis true, may fancy much,

But, oh ! 'tis cold and seeming—

One moment's real, rapturous touch,

Is worth an age of dreaming !

Think'st thou, when JULIA's lip and breast

Inspir'd my youthful tongue,

I coldly spoke of lips unprest,

Nor felt the heaven I sung ?

No, no, the spell, that warm'd so long,
Was still my JULIA's kiss,
And still the girl was paid, in song,
What she had giv'n, in bliss !

Then beam one burning smile on me,
And I will sing those eyes ;
Let me but feel a breath from thee,
And I will praise thy sighs.

That rosy mouth alone can bring
What makes the bard divine—
O Lady ! how my lip would sing,
If once 'twere prest to thine !

SONG

OF

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.*

QUA VIA DIFFICILIS, QUAQUE EST VIA NULLA.....

Ovid. Metam. Lib. iii, v. 227.

NOW the vapour, hot and damp,
 Shed by day's expiring lamp,
 Through the misty ether spreads
 Ev'ry ill the white man dreads ;
 Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
 Fitful ague's shiv'ring chill !
 Hark ! I hear the traveller's song,
 As he winds the woods along !

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo, upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

Christian ! 'tis the song of fear,
 Wolves are round thee, night is near,
 And the wild, thou dar'st to roam—
 Oh ! 'twas once the Indian's home !*

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
 Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
 By the creeks, or by the brakes,
 Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
 And the cayman † loves to creep,
 Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
 Where the bird of carrion flits,
 And the shudd'ring murderer sits,‡

* "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when general Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." Morse's *American Geography*.

† The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the Winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

‡ This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself, but on his food."

Lone, beneath a roof of blood,
 While, upon his poison'd food,
 From the corpse of him he slew
 Drops the chill and gory dew !

Hither bend you, turn you hither,
 Eyes that blast and wings that wither !
 Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,
 Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
 Many a mile of madd'ning error
 Through the maze of night and terror,
 Till the morn behold him lying
 O'er the damp earth, pale and dying !
 Mock him, when his eager sight
 Seeks the cordial cottage light ;
 Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
 Tempt him to the den that's dug
 For the foul and famish'd brood
 Of the she-wolf, guant for blood !
 Or, unto the dangerous pass,
 O'er the deep and dark morass,
 Where the trembling Indian brings
 Belts of porcelain, pipes and rings,
 Tributes, to be hung in air,
 To the fiend presiding there ! *

* " We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, on

Then, when night's long labour past,
 Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
 Sinking where the causeway's edge
 Moulders in the slimy sedge,
 There let every noxious thing
 Trail its filth and fix its sting;
 Let the bull-toad taint him over,
 Round him let mosquitoes hover,
 In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
 With his blood their poison mingling,
 Till, beneath the solar fires,
 Rankling all, the wretch expires !

by the side of the falls ; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places." See Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin, too, mentions this ceremony ; he also says, " We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak, at the Cascade of St. Anthony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." See Hennepin's Voyage into North America.

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TO

MRS. HENRY T—GHE,

ON READING HER

“PSYCHE.”

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love ! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine ;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine !

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread ?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altars shed ?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
 The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd—
 But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
 The myrtle wither'd, as she breath'd !

Oh ! you, that love's celestial dream,
 In all its purity, would know,
 Let not the senses' ardent beam
 Too strongly through the vision glow !

Love sweetest lies conceal'd in night,
 The night where heaven has bid him lie ;
 Oh ! shed not there unhallow'd light,
 Or, PSYCHE knows, the boy will fly !*

* See the story in Apulcius. With respect to this beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the senator Buonarotti, in his " Osservazioni sopra alcuni frammenti di vasi antichi." He thinks the fable is taken from some very occult mysteries, which had long been celebrated in honour of Love ; and he accounts, upon this supposition, for the silence of the more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was not till towards the decline of Pagan superstition, that writers could venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies : accordingly, he observes, we find Lucian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of the Dea Syria, and Isis and Osiris ; and Apuleius, who has given us the story of Cupid and Psyche, has also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the *Giornale di Letterati d'Italia*, Tom. xxvii, Articol. 1. See also the observations upon the ancient gems in the Museum Florentinum, Vol. i, p. 156.

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the French Encyclopedistes have been led by M. Spon, in their article *Psyche*.

Dear *PSYCHE* ! many a charmed hour,
 Through many a wild and magic waste,
 To the fair fount and blissful bower *
 Thy mazy foot my soul hath trac'd !

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
 Beneath whatever shades of rest,
 The Genius of the starry brow †
 Has chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast ;

Whether above the horizon dim,
 Along whose verge our spirits stray,
 (Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
 Half brighten'd by the eternal ray) ‡

Thou risest to a cloudless pole !
 Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
 The twilight walk of many a soul
 Through sunny good and evil dark ;

They say, " *Petrone fait un récit de la pompe nuptiale de ces deux amans (Amour & Psyche). Déjà, dit-il, &c. &c.*" The *Psyche* of *Petronius*, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young *Pannychis*. See *Spon's Recherches Curieuses, &c. Dissertat. 5.*

* Allusions to Mrs. T—ghe's poem.

† Constancy.

‡ By this image the *Platonists* expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

TO

I KNOW that none can smile like thee,
 But there is one, a gentler one,
 Whose heart, though young and wild it be,
 Would ne'er have done, as thine has done.

When we were left alone to-day,
 When every curious eye was fled,
 And all that love could look or say,
 We might have look'd, we might have said ;

Would *she* have felt me trembling press,
 Nor trembling press to me again?
 Would *she* have had the power to bless,
 Yet want the heart to bless me then?

Her tresses too, as soft as thine—
 Would *she* have idly paus'd to twine
 Their scatter'd locks, with cold delay,
 While, oh ! such minutes pass'd away,

As heaven has made for those who love,
For those who love, and long to steal
What none but hearts of ice reprove,
What none but hearts of fire can feel !

Go, go—an age of vulgar years
May now be pin'd, be sigh'd away,
Before one blessed hour appears,
Like that which we have lost to-day !

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER,

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

 NEC VENIT AD DUREM MUSA VOCATA GETAS.

Ovid. ex Ponto, Lib. i, Ep. 5.

THOU oft hast told me of the fairy hours
 Thy heart has number'd, in those classic bowers,
 Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
 Mid crows and cardinals profanely flit,
 And Pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaïd,
 Haunt every stream and sing through every shade !
 There still the bard, who (if his numbers be
 His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,
 The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
 Those playful sunshine holidays of thought,
 In which the soul with easy bask reclines,
 Gay without toil and resting while she shines ;

There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
 How modern monks with ancient rakes agree;
 How mitres hang, where ivy-wreaths might twine,
 And heathen Massic's damn'd for stronger wine !
 There too are all those wandering souls of song,
 With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
 Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
 By memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
 But here, alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,
 As, far from thee, my lonely course I take,
 No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
 No classic dream, no star of other days,
 Has left that visionary glory here,
 That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
 Which gilds and hallows e'en the rudest scene,
 The humblest shed, where genius once has been !

All that creation's varying mass assumes,
 Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms ;
 Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
 Bright lakes expand, and conquering * rivers flow ;

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league ; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore without mixing them : afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea." Letter xxvii.

Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
 The world's a wilderness and man but clay,
 Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
 Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows !
 Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats and all
 From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall,
 From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
 To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he !
 'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
 Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
 Where every ill the ancient world can brew
 Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
 Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
 And nothing's known of luxury, but vice !

Is this the region, then, is this the clime
 For golden fancy ? for those dreams sublime,
 Which all their miracles of light reveal
 To heads that meditate and hearts that feel ?
 No, no—the muse of inspiration plays
 O'er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
 And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
 Burns with her step, yet man regards it not !
 She whispers round, her words are in the air,
 But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
 Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
 One ray of heart to thaw them into song !

Yet, yet forgive me, oh you sacred few !
 Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew ;
 Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
 'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave !*
 Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
 The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
 When his lone heart but faintly hop'd to find
 One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind !
 Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
 The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
 The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,
 Which, 'mid the melancholy heartless waste
 My foot has wander'd, oh you sacred few !
 I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
 Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
 O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons :
 Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
 Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.

* In the society of *Mr. Dennie* and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the only agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. *Mr. Dennie* has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it ; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

Oh ! if America can yet be great,
 If neither chain'd by choice nor damn'd by fate
 To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
 She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
 Of single majesty, can grandly place
 An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
 Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
 For the fair capital that flowers above !—
 If yet, releas'd from all that vulgar throng,
 So vain of dulness and so pleas'd with wrong,
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
 Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
 She yet can rise, can wreath the attic charms
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
 And see her poets flash the fires of song,
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts along !
 It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven
 Has made like yours, the glorious task is given—
 Oh ! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done ;
 Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
 Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er !

Believe me, SPENCER, while I wing'd the hours
 Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
 Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,

That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream of home !
 And looks I met, like looks I lov'd before,
 And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
 The chord of memory, found full many a tone
 Of kindness there, in concord with their own !
 Oh ! we had nights of that communion free,
 That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
 So oft, so warmly ; nights of mirth and mind,
 Of whims that taught and follies that refin'd !
 When shall we both renew them ? when, restor'd
 To the pure feast and intellectual board,
 Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
 Those whims that teach, those follies that refine ?
 Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
 I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
 I sigh for England—oh ! these weary feet
 Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet !

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, 'ΩΣ ΣΟΙ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.

Euripides.

A WARNING.

TO

OH! fair as heaven and chaste, as light!
 Did nature mould thee all so bright,
 That thou should'st ever learn to weep
 O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
 O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
 Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?
 No, no! a star was born with thee,
 Which sheds eternal purity!
 Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
 So fair a transcript of the skies,
 In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
 That man should read them and adore!
 Yet have I known a gentle maid
 Whose early charms were just array'd
 In nature's loveliness like thine,
 And wore that clear, celestial sign,
 Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
 For destiny's peculiar care!

Whose bosom too was once a zone,
 Where the bright gem of virtue shone ;
 Whose eyes were talismans of fire
 Against the spell of man's desire !
 Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour,
 Her charms have shed their radiant flower ;
 The gem has been beguil'd away ;
 Her eyes have lost their chastening ray ;
 The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
 The smiles that from reflection came,
 All, all have fled, and left her mind
 A faded monument behind !
 Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
 To memory rais'd by hands unknown,
 Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
 Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
 To tell the traveller, as he crost,
 That there some loved friend was lost !
 Oh ! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
 Heaven keep the lost-one's fate from thee !

TO

**** *

'TIS time, I feel, to leave thee now,
 While yet my soul is something free ;
 While yet those dangerous eyes allow
 One moment's thought to stray from thee !

Oh ! thou art every instant dearer—
 Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
 Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,
 I am lost, unless I fly thee !

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
 Wish me not so soon to fall,
 Duties, fame and hopes await me,
 Oh ! that eye would blast them all !

Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
 As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
 And would'st, without a sigh, behold
 The ruin which thyself had made !

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Good heaven ! how much, how far beyond
Fame, duty, hope, that smile would be !

Oh ! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign'd !

But no, no, no—farewel—we part,
Never to meet, no, never, never—
Oh woman ! what a mind and heart
Thy coldness has undone for ever !

FROM

THE HIGH-PRIEST OF APOLLO

TO A

VIRGIN OF DELPHI.*

CUM DIGNO DIGNA.....

Sulpicia.

“WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
 “With eyes of fire and feet of air,
 “Whose harp around my altar swells,
 “The sweetest of a thousand shells?”

* This poem requires a little explanation. It is well known, that, in the ancient temples, whenever a reverend priest, like the supposed author of the invitation before us, was inspired with a tender inclination towards any fair visitor of the shrine, and, at the same time, felt a diffidence in his own powers of persuasion, he had but to proclaim that the god himself was enamoured of her, and had signified his divine will that she should sleep in the inte-

'Twas thus the deity, who treads
 The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
 Day from his eye-lids!—thus he spoke,
 As through my cell his glories broke.

“Who is the maid with golden hair,
 “With eyes of fire and feet of air,
 “Whose harp around my altar swells,
 “The sweetest of a thousand shells?”

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,*
 With eyes of fire and golden hair,

rior of the temple. Many a pious husband connived at this divine assignation, and even declared himself proud of the selection, with which his family had been distinguished by the deity. In the temple of Jupiter Belus there was a splendid bed for these occasions. In Egyptian Thebes the same mockery was practised, and at the oracle of Patara in Lycia, the priestess never could prophesy till an interview with the deity was allowed her. The story which we read in Josephus (Lib. xviii, cap. 3.) of the Roman matron Paulina, whom the priests of Isis, for a bribe, betrayed in this manner to Mundus, is a singular instance of the impudent excess to which credulity suffered these impostures to be carried. This story has been put into the form of a little novel, under the name of “*La Pudicitia Schernita*,” by the licentious and unfortunate Pallavicino. See his *Opere Scelte*, Tom. i. I have made my priest here prefer a cave to the temple.

* In the 9th Pythic of Pindar, where Apollo, in the same manner, requires of Chiron some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologizes for

Aphelia's are the airy feet,
 And hers the harp divinely sweet ;
 For foot so light has never trod
 The laurel'd caverns* of the god,
 Nor harp so soft has ever given
 A strain to earth or sigh to heaven !

“ Then tell the virgin to unfold,
 “ In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
 “ And bid those eyes with fonder fire
 “ Be kindled for a god's desire ; †
 “ Since He, who lights the path of years—
 “ Even from the fount of morning's tears,
 “ To where his setting splendors burn
 “ Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
 “ Cannot, in all his course, behold
 “ Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold !

telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already :

Εἰ δὲ γέ γε καὶ παρ' σοφῶν ἀντιφθίξαι
 ἔρρω·

* Ἀλλ' εἰς ἀφροδίτη γυαλα βήσομαι ταυτὶ. EURIPID. *Ion*. v. 76.

† Ne deve partorir ammirazione ch' egli si pregiasse di haver una Deità concorrente nel possesso della moglie ; mentre anche nei nostri secoli, nonostante così rigorose legge d'onore, trovasi chi s'ascrive à gloria il veder la moglie honorata da gl'amplessi di un principe. *Pallavicino*.

" Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
 " His lip yet sparkling with the tide,
 " That mantles in Olympian bowls,
 " The nectar of eternal souls !
 " For her, for her he quits the skies,
 " And to her kiss from nectar flies.
 " Oh ! he would hide his wreath of rays,
 " And leave the world to pine for days,
 " Might he but pass the hours of shade,
 " Imbosom'd by his Delphic maid,
 " She, more than earthly woman blest,
 " He, more than god on woman's breast ! "

' There is a cave beneath the steep,*
 Where living rills of crystal weep
 O'er herbage, of the loveliest hue
 That ever spring begemm'd with dew,
 There oft the green bank's glossy tint
 Is brighten'd by the amorous print
 Of many a faun and naiad's form,
 That still upon the dew is warm,
 When virgins come; at peep of day,
 To kiss the sod where lovers lay !
 " There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,
 " Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,

* The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.

" And the dim orb of lunar souls*
 " Along its shadowy pathway rolls—
 " There shall we find our bridal bed,
 " And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
 " Not even in Jove's voluptuous bowers,
 " A bridal bed so blest as ours !

" Tell the imperial god, who reigns,
 " Sublime in oriental fanes,
 " Whose towering turrets paint their pride
 " Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide;†

* See a preceeding note, page 120. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes, too, imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.

† The temple of Jupiter Belus at Babylon, which consisted of several chapels and towers. "In the last tower (says Herodotus) is a large chapel, in which there lies a bed, very splendidly ornamented, and beside it a table of gold; but there is no statue in the place. No man is allowed to sleep here; but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldæan priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favourite." Lib. i, Cap. 181.

The poem now before the reader, and a few more in the present collection, are taken from a work, which I rather prematurely announced to the public, and which, perhaps very luckily for myself, was interrupted by my voyage to America. The following fragments from the same work describe the effect of one of these invitations of Apollo upon the mind of a young enthusiastic girl:—

" Tell him, when to his midnight loves
 " In mystic majesty he moves,
 " Lighted by many an odorous fire,
 " And hymn'd by all Chaldæa's choir—

Delphi heard her shrine proclaim
 In oracles, the guilty flame.
 Apollo lov'd my youthful charms,
 Apollo woo'd me to his arms!—
 Sure, sure when man so oft allows
 Religion's wreath to bind his brows,
 Weak wondering woman *must* believe,
 Where pride and zeal at once deceive,
 When flattery takes a holy vest,
 Oh ! 'tis too much for woman's breast !

How often, ere the destin'd time,
 Which was to seal my joys sublime,
 How often did I trembling run
 To meet, at morn, the mounting sun,
 And, while his fervid beam he threw
 Upon my lip's luxuriant dew,
 I thought—alas! the simple dream—
 There burn'd a kiss in every beam;
 With parted lips inhal'd their heat,
 And sigh'd " O god ! thy kiss is sweet ! "

Oft too, at day's meridian hour,
 When to the naiad's gleamy bower
 Our virgins steal, and, blushing, hide
 Their beauties in the folding tide,
 If, through the grove, whose modest arms
 Were spread around my robeless charms,
 A wandering sunbeam wanton fell
 Where lover's looks alone should dwell,

" Oh! tell the godhead to confess,
 " The pompous joy delights him less
 " (E'en though his mighty arms enfold
 " A priestess on a couch of gold)

Not all a lover's looks of flame
 Could kindle such an amorous shame,
 It was the sun's admiring glance,
 And, as I felt its glow advance
 O'er my young beauties, wildly flush'd
 I burn'd and panted, thrill'd and blush'd !

* * * * *

No deity at midnight came,
 The lamps, that witness'd all my shame,
 Reveal'd to these bewilder'd eyes
 No other shape than earth supplies ;
 No solar light, no nectar'd air,
 All, all, alas! was human there,
 Woman's faint conflict, virtue's fall,
 And passion's victory, human all !
 How gently must the guilt of love
 Be charm'd away by Powers above,
 When men possess such tender skill
 In softening crime and sweetening ill !
 'Twas but a night, and morning's rays
 Saw me, with fend, forgiving gaze,
 Hang o'er the quiet slumbering breast
 Of him who ruin'd all my rest ;
 Him, who had taught these eyes to weep
 Their first sad tears, and yet could sleep !

* * * * *

"Than, when in love's unholier prank,
 "By moonlight cave or rustic bank,
 "Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
 "Exhaling from her lip and eyes
 "The flame and incense of delight,
 "To sanctify a dearer rite,
 "A mystery, more divinely warm'd
 "Than priesthood ever yet perform'd!"

Happy the maid, whom heaven allows
 To break for heaven her virgin vows!
 Happy the maid!—her robe of shame
 Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
 Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
 Shines through and deifies her race!

O virgin! what a doom is thine!
 To-night, to-night a lip divine*
 In every kiss shall stamp on thee
 A seal of immortality!

* Fontenelle, in his playful *rifacimento* of the learned materials of Van-Dale, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind which was detected and exposed at Alexandria. See L'Histoire des Oracles, seconde dissertat. chap. vii. Crebillon, too, in one of his most amusing little stories, has made the Génie Mange-Taupes, of the Isle Jonquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner very formidable to the husbands of the island. He says, however, "Les maris ont le plaisir de rester toujours dans le doute; en pareil cas, c'est une ressource."

Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly ;
There lose the world, and wed the sky !
There all the boundless rapture steal,
Which gods can give or woman feel !

WOMAN.

AWAY, away,—you're all the same,
 A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !
 Oh ! by my soul, I burn with shame,
 To think I've been your slave so long !

Slow to be warm'd, and quick to rove,
 From folly kind, from cunning loath,
 Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
 Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
 More joy it gives to woman's breast,
 To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
 Than one true manly lover blest !

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
 Oh ! blot me from the race of men,
 Kind pitying heaven ! by death, or worse,
 Before I love such things again !

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
 "A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
 In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
 But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd
 "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 "Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when
 I blam'd,
 "How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 "In the gush of the fountain how sweet to recline,
 "And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 "Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!

TO

 ΝΟΣΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΛΑΤΑΤΑ.
Euripides.

 1803.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
 Upon the gathering ills we see;
 Oh! take the harp, and let me lose
 All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sing to me, love!—though death were near
 Thy song could make my soul forget—
 Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
 All may be well, be happy yet!

Let me but see that snowy arm
 Once more upon the dear harp lie,
 And I will cease to dream of harm,
 Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
We us'd to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas ! they bleed to know !

Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh ! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again !

Art thou too wretched? yes, thou art ;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

A

VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'T WAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
 The venerable man ;* a virgin bloom
 Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
 That tower'd upon his brow ; as when we see
 The gentle moon and the full radiant sun.
 Shining in heaven together. When he spoke
 'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such holy sounds
 As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
 Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,

* In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them ; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. *Περὶ τῇ ἐρυθρῇ θαλάσσῃ ἐν ἑσπέρῃ, ἀνδρῶν ποῖς ἀναπαύεσθαι ἐπιτηδεύοντα, τ' ἄλλα δὲ συνταῖς νυμφαῖς, νομασι καὶ δαίμοσι, ὡς ἐφασκε.* He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place: *φθγγόμενῃ δὲ τοι τῶπον εὐωδία κατεῖχε, τὴν ὁματὸς ἡδίστην ἀποπνεύοντος.* From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

When death is nigh !* and still, as he unclosed
 His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
 As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
 That blossom in elysium,† breath'd around !
 With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
 Of the dark veil, which many an age had hung
 O'er nature's form, till by the touch of time
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
 And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it
 Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
 By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
 Who mus'd, amid the mighty catyclism,
 O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,‡

* The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagin'd that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius, "In harmoniam quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est Dousa," Pag. 501.

†ενθα μακρῶν
 γαστρὶ κεκλιμένος
 αὐραὶ περιπτευσίν : αὐ-
 θεῖα δὲ χρυσὸν φλογεῖ.....Pindar. Olymfi. ii.

‡ Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus, or the impostor Annianus, and a few more such respectable testimonies. See Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes, &c. Chap. 8, where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

Nor let the living star of science* sink
 Beneath the waters which ingulf'd the world!—
 Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
 To him,† who trac'd upon his typic lyre

* Chamum à posteris hujus artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum et pro Deo habitum. *Bochart. Geograph. Sacr. Lib. iv, Cap. 1.*

† Orpheus.—Paulinus, in his *Hebdomades*, Cap. 2, Lib. iii, has endeavoured to shew, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. Those frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, p. 43, for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres. Heraclitus compared the mixture of good and evil in this world to the blended varieties of harmony in a musical instrument (*Plutarch. de Animæ Procreat.*); and Euriphamus, the Pythagorean, in a fragment preserved by Stobæus, describes human life, in its perfection, as a sweet and well-tuned lyre. Some of the ancients were so fanciful as to suppose that the operations of the memory were regulated by a kind of musical cadence, and that ideas occurred to it “*per arsin et thesin*,” while others converted the whole man into a mere harmonized machine, whose motion depended upon a certain tension of the body, analogous to that of the strings in an instrument. Cicero indeed ridicules Aristoxenus for this fancy, and says, “let him teach singing, and leave philosophy to Aristotle;” but Aristotle himself, though decidedly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, could sometimes condescend to enliven his doctrines by reference to the beauties of musical science; as, in the treatise *Περὶ ἡμῶν*, attributed to him, *Καὶ ὁμοῦ δὲ τὸ χῶρον, καὶ οὐρανὸν καταρξάντες. κ. τ. λ.*

The Abbé Batteux, upon the doctrine of the Stoics, attributes to those philosophers the same mode of illustration. “*L’ame étoit cause active ποίει αἰτίας*; le corps cause passive ἡδὲ τὴ πασχειν. L’une agissant dans l’autre; et y prenant, par son action même, un carac-

The diapason of man's mingled frame,
 And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven !
 With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
 Which the grave sons of Mochus many a night,
 Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
 Of Carmel's sacred mount !*—Then, in a flow

tère, des formes, des modifications, qu'elle n'avoit pas par elle-même ; a peu près comme l'air, qui chassé dans un instrument de musique, fait connoître par les differens sons qu'il produit, les différentes modifications qu'il y reçoit." See a fine simile of this kind in Cardinal Polignac's poem, Lib. 5, v. 734.

* Pythagoras is represented in Iamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phœnicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses. Huett has adopted this idea, *Demonstration Evangelique*, Prop. iv, Chap. 2, § 7, and Le Clerc, amongst others, has refuted it. See *Biblioth. Choisie*, Tom. i, p. 75. It is certain, however, that the doctrine of atoms was known and promulgated long before Epicurus. "With the fountains of Democritus," says Cicero, "the gardens of Epicurus were watered;" and indeed the learned author of the *Intellectual System* has shown, that all the early philosophers, till the time of Plato, were atomists. We find Epicurus, however, boasting that his tenets were new and unborrowed, and perhaps few among the ancients had a stronger claim to originality; for, in truth, if we examine their schools of philosophy, notwithstanding the peculiarities which seem to distinguish them from each other, we may generally observe that the difference is but verbal and trifling, and that, among those various and learned heresies, there is scarcely one to be selected, whose opinions are its own, original and exclusive. The doctrine of the world's eternity may be traced through all the sects. The continual metempsychosis of Pythagoras, the grand periodic year of the Stoics (at the conclusion of which the universe is sup-

Of calmer converse, he beguil'd us on
 Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
 Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
 Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam

posed to return to its original order, and commence a new revolution), the successive dissolution and combination of atoms maintained by the Epicureans, all these tenets are but different intimations of the same general belief in the eternity of the world. As St. Austin explains the periodic year of the Stoics, it disagrees only so far with the idea of the Pythagoreans, that, instead of an endless transmission of the soul through a variety of bodies, it restores the same body and soul to repeat their former round of existence, and "that identical Plato, who lectured in the Academy of Athens, shall again and again, at certain intervals, during the lapse of eternity, appear in the same Academy, and resume the same functions—"sic eadem tempora temporaliumque rerum volumina repeti, ut v. g. sicut in isto seculo Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensi, in eâ scholâ quæ Academiâ dicta est, discipulos docuit, ita per innumerabilia retro sæcula, multum plexis quidem intervallis, sed certis, et idem Plato, et eadem civitas, eademque schola, iidemque discipuli repetiti et per innumerabilia deinde sæcula repetendi sint—de Civitat. Dei, Lib. xii, Cap. 13. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given us a similar explication of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Eâ de causâ, qui nunc sunt in usu ritus, centies millies fuerunt, totiesque renascentur quoties ceciderunt." 52.

The paradoxical notions of the Stoics, upon the beauty, the riches, the dominion of their imaginary sage, are among the most distinguishing characteristics of the school, and, according to their advocate Lipsius, were peculiar to that sect. "Priora illa (decreta) quæ passim in philosophantium scholis ferè obtinent, ista quæ peculiariora huic sectæ et habent contradictionem: i. e. paradoxa." *Manuduct. ad Stoic. Philos. Lib. iii, Dissertat. 2.* But it is evident (as the Abbé Garnier has remarked, *Mémoires de l'Acad. Tom. 35.*) that even these absurdities of the Stoics are borrowed, and that Plato is the source of all their extravagant paradoxes. We find their dogma,

From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
 Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,*
 And bright through every change!—he spoke of Him,
 The lone,† eternal One, who dwells above,

“dives qui sapiens,” (which Clement of Alexandria has transferred from the philosopher to the Christian, *Pædagog.* Lib. iii, cap. 6.) expressed in the prayer of Socrates at the end of the *Phædrus*. *Ω φίλε Παν τε και αλλοι οσοι τηδε θειοι, δοητε μοι καλω γινεσθαι ταυδεθιν ταξωθην δε οσα εχω, τοις εντος ειναι μοι φιλια· πλεστιν δε νομιζοιμι τον σοφον.* And many other instances might be adduced from the *Αντιρρηται*, the *Πολυτοις*, &c. to prove that these weeds of paradox were gathered among the bowers of the Academy. Hence it is that Cicero, in the preface to his paradoxes, calls them Socratica; and Lipsius, exulting in the patronage of Socrates, says “*Ille totus est noster.*” This is indeed a coalition, which evinces as much as can be wished the confused similitude of antient philosophical opinions: the father of scepticism is here enrolled amongst the founders of the Portico; he, whose best knowledge was that of his own ignorance, is called in to authorize the pretensions of the most obsinate dogmatists in all antiquity.

Rutilius, in his *Itinerarium*, has ridiculed the sabbath of the Jews, as “*lassati mollis imago Dei;*” but Epicurus gave an eternal holiday to his gods, and, rather than disturb the slumbers of Olympus, denied at once the interference of a Providence. He does not, however, seem to have been singular in this opinion. Theophilus of Antioch, if he deserve any credit, in a letter to Autolycus, *Lib. iii*, imputes a similar belief to Pythagoras. *Φησι (Πυθαγόρας) τε ται παλαις θεις ανδρῶντων μηδεν φροντίζειν.* And Plutarch, though so hostile to the followers of Epicurus, has unaccountably adopted the very same theological error; having quoted the opinions of Anaxagoras and Plato upon divinity, he adds *Καιως εν αμαρτανῃσιν αμφοτεροι, οτι τον θεον ελευσται επισκοφομενοι ται ανδρῶντων.* *De Placit. Philosoph.* Lib. i, Cap. 7. Plato himself has attributed a degree of indifference to the gods, which is not far removed from the apathy of Epicurus’s heaven; as thus, in his *Philebus*, where Protarchus asks, *Ουκεν ειως γε*

And of the soul's untraceable descent
 From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
 Of intellectual being, till it mix
 With atoms vague, corruptible and dark ;

ὥς χαίρει θεός, ὥς το πικρὸν ; and Socrates answers, Πᾶσι μὲν οὐ εἶκος, ἀσχημὸν γοῦν αὐτῷ ἑκάτεροι γίγτομαι εἶναι while Aristotle supposes a still more absurd neutrality, and concludes, by no very flattering analogy, that the deity is as incapable of virtue as of vice. Καὶ γὰρ ὥσπερ οὐδὲ θεοῦ εἰς κακία, οὐδ' ἀρετή, οὕτως οὐδὲ θεός. *Ethic. Nicomach. Lib. vii, cap. 1.* In truth, Aristotle, upon the subject of Providence, was little more correct than Epicurus. He supposed the moon to be the limit of divine interference, excluding of course this sublunary world from its influence. The first definition of the world, in his treatise *Περὶ Κόσμου* (if this treatise be really the work of Aristotle) agrees, almost verbum verbo, with that in the letter of Epicurus to Pythocles ; they both omit the mention of a deity ; and, in his *Ethics*, he intimates a doubt whether the gods feel any interest in the concerns of mankind. Εἰ γὰρ τις ἐπιμέλεια τῶν ἀνθρώπων ὑπὸ θεῶν γίνεται. It true, he adds ὧσπερ δοκεῖ, but even this is very sceptical.

In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle, we trace the cause of that general neglect, which his philosophy experienced among the early Christians. Plato is seldom much more orthodox, but the obscure enthusiasm of his style allowed them to interpret all his fancies to their purpose ; such glowing steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became a sword in the hands of the fathers.

The Providence of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a power as contemptibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the system of the Portico. The chains of destiny were thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity was, like Borgia, et Cæsar et nihil. Not even the language of Seneca can reconcile this degradation of divinity. " Ille ipse omnium conditor ac rector scripsit quidam fata, sed sequitur ; semper paret, semel jussit." *Lib. de Providentiâ, Cap. 5.*

With respect to the difference between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Academicians, the following words of Cicero prove that he saw

Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
 Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
 Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still !
 As some bright river, which has roll'd along

but little to distinguish them from each other. "*Peripateticos et Academicos, nominibus differentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi verbis magis quam sententiis dissenserunt.*" *Academic. Lib. ii, 5.* And perhaps what Reid has remarked upon one of their points of controversy might be applied as effectually to the reconciliation of all the rest. "The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was probably all for want of definition. The one said they were good under the control of reason, the other that they should be eradicated." *Essays, Vol. iii.* In short, from the little which I know upon the subject, it appears to me as difficult to establish the boundaries of opinion between any two of the philosophical sects, as it would be to fix the land-marks of those estates in the moon, which Ricciolus so generously allotted to his brother astronomers. Accordingly, we observe some of the greatest men of antiquity passing without scruple from school to school, according to the fancy or convenience of the moment. Cicero, the father of Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Academician, sometimes a Stoic; and, more than once, he acknowledges a conformity with Epicurus; "*non sine causa igitur Epicurus ausus est dicere semper in pluribus bonis esse sapientem, quia semper sit in voluptatibus.*" *Tusculan. Quæst. Lib. v.* Though often pure in his theology, he sometimes smiles at futurity as a fiction; thus, in his Oration for Cluentius, speaking of punishments in the life to come, he says, "*Quæ si falsa sunt, id quod omnes intelligunt, quid ei tandem aliud mors eripuit, præter sensum doloris?*" though here perhaps we should do him justice by agreeing with his commentator Sylvius, who remarks upon this passage, "*Hæc autem dixit, ut causæ suæ subserviret.*" Horace roves like a butterfly through the Schools, and now wings along the walls of the Porch, and now basks among the flowers of the Garden; while Virgil, with a tone of mind strongly philosophical, has left us uncertain of the sect which he espoused: the balance of opinion de-

Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
 When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
 Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,

clares him an Epicurean, but the ancient author of his life asserts that he was an Academician, and we trace through his poetry the tenets of almost all the leading sects. The same kind of eclectic indifference is observable in most of the Roman writers. Thus Propertius, in the fine elegy to Cynthia, on his departure for Athens,

*Illic vel studiis animum emendare Platonis,
 Incipiam, aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis.*

Lib. iii, Eleg. 21.

Though Broukhusius here reads, “dux Epicure;” which seems to fix the poet under the banners of Epicurus. Even the Stoic Seneca, whose doctrines have been considered so orthodox, that St. Jerome has ranked him amongst the ecclesiastical writers, and Boccaccio, in his commentary upon Dante, has doubted (in consideration of the philosopher’s supposed correspondence with St. Paul) whether Dante should have placed him in Limbo with the rest of the Pagans—the rigid Seneca has bestowed such commendations on Epicurus, that, if only those passages of his works were preserved to us, we could not, I think, hesitate in pronouncing him an Epicurean. In the same manner we find Porphyry, in his work upon abstinence, referring to Epicurus as an example of the most strict Pythagorean temperance; and Lancelotti, the author of *Farfalloni degli antichi Istorici*, has been seduced by this grave reputation of Epicurus into the absurd error of associating him with Chrysippus, as a chief of the Stoic school. There is no doubt, indeed, that, however the Epicurean sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its founder were as correct as those of any among the ancient philosophers, and his doctrines upon pleasure, as explained in the letter to Menæceus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. M. de Sablons, in his *Grands*

But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left !†

Hommes Vengés, expresses strong indignation against the Encyclopédistes for their just and animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, "si ce philosophe étoit vertueux," he denies it upon no other authority than the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who himself confesses, that, on this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, without pausing to investigate their truth. *Αλλά την δόξαν, εν τῇ αληθείᾳ σκοπούμεν.* To the factious zeal of his illiberal rivals, the Stoics, Epicurus owed these gross misrepresentations of the life and opinions of himself and his associates, which, notwithstanding the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium on the name of his philosophy ; and we ought to examine the ancient accounts of Epicurus with the same degree of cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the declamations of the fathers against the heretics, trusting as little to Plutarch upon a dogma of this philosopher, as we would to St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nestorius. (1801.)

The preceeding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written at a time, when I thought the studies to which they refer much more important and much more amusing than, I freely confess, they appear to me at present:

* Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy, might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. "Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis." Inst. Lib. vi, c. 7.

† Το μόνον και ερημον.

‡ This fine Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's Cérémon. Relig. Tom. IV.

And here the old man ceas'd—a winged train
 Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
 The fair illusion fled! and, as I wak'd,
 I knew my visionary soul had been
 Among that people of aërial Dreams
 Who live upon the burning galaxy!*

* According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls collected together in the Galaxy. *Δημος δὲ ονείρων, κατὰ Πυθαγόραν, αἱ ψυχὴν ὡς συναγισθαι φησὶν εἰς τὸν γαλαξίαν.* Porphyry. de Antro Nymph.

DREAMS.

TO

IN slumber, I prithee, how is it
 That souls are oft taking the air,
 And paying each other a visit,
 While bodies are—Heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
 Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
 For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
 Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
 And they talk'd and they kist the time through,
 For, when souls come together at night,
 There is no knowing what they may'nt do!

And *your* little Soul, Heaven bless her!
 Had much to complain and to say,
 Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her,
 By keeping her prison'd all day.

N N

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
 "For a peep now and then to her eye,
 "Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
 "Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant, she frightens me in
 "With some phantom of prudence or terror,
 "For fear I should stray into sin,
 "Or, what is still worse, into error !

"So, instead of displaying my graces
 "Through look and through words and through mien,
 "I am shut up in corners and places,
 "Where truly I blush to be seen !"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
 Declar'd, as for grace and discretion,
 He did not know much of the matter;

"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit !" he said,
 "Be at home after midnight, and then
 "I will come when your lady's in bed,
 "And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
 I suppose to her door to direct him,
 And—just after midnight my dear,
 Your polite little Soul may expect him.

A

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.*

ET REMIGEM CANTUS HORTATUR.

Quintilian.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.

* I wrote these words to an air which our boat-men sang to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable, that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our *Voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.*
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl !

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
 A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm, which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now, there is not a note of it, which does not recal to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs, who go to the Grande Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

* "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyageurs."

Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.

But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past !

Utawas tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers !
Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs !
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past !

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE R—WD—N.

From the Banks of the St. Lawrence.

NOT many months have now been dream'd away
 Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening ray
 We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
 Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
 Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves,
 Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
 And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
 Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf! *

* Avendo essi per costume di avere in veneratione gli alberi
 grandi & antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate.
 Pietro della Valle, Part. Second. Lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

There listening, Lady ! while thy lip hath sung
 My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung*
 On every mellow'd number ! proud to feel
 That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
 As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
 Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
 Oh ! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy,
 Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
 And when he hears the rude luxuriant note
 Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
 Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
 And thinks it all too sweet to be his own !
 I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
 Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
 In musing awe ; should tread this wondrous world,
 See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
 In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,*
 Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,

* When I arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake all night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a kind of era in my life, and the first glimpse which I caught of those wonderful Falls gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days, which I passed with him and his brother-officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their

Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
 Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!—
 Should trace the grand Cadaràqui, and glide
 Down the white rapids of his lordly tide,
 Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
 Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
 For consolation might have weeping trod,
 When banish'd from the garden of their God!
 Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
 Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
 Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see,
 To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
 Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
 Dies, like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,*
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar

ancient costume; the young men exhibited, for our amusement, the race, the bat-game, &c. while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me.

* Amburey, in his *Travels*, has noticed this shooting illumination which the porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence. Vol. i, p. 29.

Amid the foaming breaker's silvery light,
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night !
 Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
 And the smooth glass-snake, * gliding o'er my way,
 Shews the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
 Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
 Hears, in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
 Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:—

From the clime of sacred doves, †
 Where the blessed Indian roves
 Through the air on wing, as white
 As the spirit-stones of light, ‡
 Which the eye of morning counts
 On the Apalachian mounts !
 Hither oft my flight I take
 Over Huron's lucid lake,
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,

* The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

† "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, Tom. i. p. 402.

‡ "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones." *Mackenzie's Journal*.

Which, reflected, floating there,
 Looks, as if it hung in air! *
 Then, when I have stray'd awhile
 Through the Manataulin isle, †
 Breathing all its holy bloom,
 Swift upon the purple plume
 Of my Wakon-Bird ‡ I fly
 Where, beneath a burning sky,
 O'er the bed of Erie's lake
 Slumbers many a water-snake,

* I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully in his description of one of these lakes. "When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

† Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manataulin. *Voyages du Baron de Lahontan*, Tom. i, Lett. 15. Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

‡ "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." *Morse*.

Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves !*

Then I chase the flowret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring !
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink ;
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip !

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread † loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,

* " The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

† " The gold-thread is of the vine-kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow." *Morse*.

And the sunny chaplet spread
 O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,*
 Till, with dreams of honey blest,
 Haunted in his downy nest
 By the garden's fairest spells,
 Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
 Fancy all his soul embowers
 In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
 Melt along the ruffled lakes;
 When the grey moose sheds his horns,
 When the track, at evening, warns
 Weary hunters of the way
 To the wigwam's cheering ray,
 Then, aloft through freezing air,
 With the snow-bird † soft and fair
 As the fleece that heaven flings
 O'er his little pearly wings,
 Light above the rocks I play,
 Where Niagara's starry spray,

* L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes : il tire sa subsistance des fleurs comme les abeilles : son nid est fait d'un cotton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre. Voyages aux Indes Occidentales, par M. Bossu. Second Part, Lett. xx.

† *Emberiza hyemalis*. See *Imlay's Kentucky*, page 280.

Frozen on the cliff, appears
 Like a giant's starting tears !
 There, amid the island-sedge,
 Just upon the cataract's edge,
 Where the foot of living man
 Never trod, since time began,
 Lone I sit, at close of day,
 While, beneath the golden ray,
 Icy columns gleam below,
 Feather'd round with falling snow,
 And an arch of glory springs,
 Brilliant as the chain of rings
 Round the neck of virgins hung,
 Virgins,* who have wander'd young
 O'er the waters of the west
 To the land where spirits rest !

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay
 The lonely moments of the night away ;
 And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams !
 Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
 Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
 Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar,

* Lafitau wishes to believe, for the sake of his theory, that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians ; but I am afraid that Jaques Carthier, upon whose authority he supports himself, meant any thing but vestal institutions by the "*cabanes publiques*," which he met with at Montreal. See *Lafitau, Mœurs des Sauvages Américains*, &c. Tom. i, p. 173.

Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
 The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
 Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,†
 While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
 And with his wings of living light unfurl'd
 Coasted the dim shores of another world !

Yet, oh ! believe me, in this blooming maze
 Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
 From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
 Hath something strange, and every leaf is new !
 I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
 So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
 Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
 Or breeze or echo or some wild-flowers smell,
 (For, who can say what small and fairy ties
 The memory flings o'er pleasure as it flies !)
 Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
 I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream ;
 Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
 On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights !

* Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani ;
 Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
 Che l'ale sue tra liti si lontani.

Vedi come l'ha dritte verso 'l cielo
 Trattando l'aere con l'eterne penne ;
 Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.

Dante, Purgator. Cant. ii.

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er,
 When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
 With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
 A sister's idol and a nation's pride !
 When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
 In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
 Turn to the living hero, while it read,
 For pure and brightening comments on the dead !
 Or whether memory to my mind recalls
 The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
 When guests have met around the sparkling board,
 And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
 When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
 With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
 Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
 But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
 Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
 Glorious but mild, all softness, yet all fire !—
 Whatever hue my recollections take,
 Even the regret, the very pain they wake
 Is dear and exquisite!—but oh ! no more—
 Lady ! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
 These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
 Stream, banks and bowers have faded on my eyes !

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ———, OF MONTREAL.

'T WAS but for a moment—and yet in that time
 She crowded th' impressions of many an hour;
 Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,
 Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower !

Oh ! could we have stol'n but one rapturous day,
 To renew such impressions again and again,
 The things we should look, and imagine and say
 Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then !

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
 We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
 And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
 As others would take a millennium in feeling !

WRITTEN ON PASSING

DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND,*

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence,

Late in the evening, September, 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark ?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill !

Oh ! what doth that vessel-of darkness bear ?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung !

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather however was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador ;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost !

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew !

To Dead-man's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Dead-man's Isle she speeds her fast ;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world !

Oh ! hurry thee on—oh ! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible Bark ! ere the night be gone ;
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light !

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TO

THE BOSTON FRIGATE,*

ON

LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,

OCTOBER, 1804.

ΝΟΣΤΟΥ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΣ ΓΛΥΚΕΡΟΥ.

Pindar. Pyth. 4.

WITH triumph this morning, O Boston ! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that bleak Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand†
Is the last I shall tread of American land.

* Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

† Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova-Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and

Well—peace to the land ! may the people, at length,
 Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength ;
 That, though man have the wings of the fetterless wind,
 Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
 Yet, if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
 Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
 Unblest is the freedom, and dreary the flight,
 That but wanders to ruin, and wantons to blight !

Farewel to the few I have left with regret ;
 May they sometimes recal, what I cannot forget,
 That communion of heart and that parley of soul,
 Which have lengthen'd our nights and illumin'd our bowl,
 When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind or the mien
 Of some bard I had known, or some chief I had seen,
 Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
 Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their board !
 And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
 I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
 They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
 Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
 Without leaving one fragment of genius, to say
 How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away !

I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded....I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve; and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an "*inamabile regnum*" as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe.

Farewel to the few—though we never may meet
 On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
 To think that, whenever my song or my name
 Shall recur to their ear, they'll recal me the same
 I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful and blest,
 Ere hope had deceiv'd me, or sorrow deprest !

But, DOUGLAS ! while thus I endear to my mind
 The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
 I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
 As it follows the rack fitting over the sky,
 That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
 And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
 Dear DOUGLAS ! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
 With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
 There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
 Where the day comes in darkness or shines but to freeze,
 Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
 That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore !
 Oh ! think then how happy I follow thee now,
 When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
 And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
 Takes me nearer the home where my heart is inshrind ;
 Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
 And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain ;
 Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
 And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part !—

But see !—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
 To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia farewell !

TO

LADY H*****

ON

AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

“Tunnebrige est à la même distance de Londres, que Fontainebleau
 “l’est de Paris. Ce qu’il y a de beau et de galant dans l’un et dans
 “l’autre sexe s’y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie,
 “&c. &c.”

See Mémoires de Grammont, Second Part. Chap. iii.

Tunbridge-Wells, August, 1805.

WHEN Grammont grac’d these happy springs,
 And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
 The merriest wight of all the kings
 That ever rul’d these gay gallant isles ;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk’d;
 At eve, they did as we may do;
 And Grammont just like Spencer talk’d,
 And lovely Stewart smil’d like you !

The only different trait is this,
 That woman then, if man beset her,
 Was rather given to saying "yes,"
 Because, as yet, she knew no better ! .

Each night they held a coterie,
 Where every fear to slumber charm'd,
 Lovers were all they ought to be,
 And husbands not the least alarm'd !

They call'd up all their school-day pranks,
 Nor thought it much their sense beneath
 To play at riddles, quips and cranks,
 And lords shew'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the Mint?"
 Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
 Is just to set the name and print
 That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
 Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
 Because it wants some hand to raise
 The weeds, which "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd, and thus they hit,
 And now they struck, and now they parried,
 And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
 While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
 That Grammont gave this forfeit ring,
 For breaking grave conundrum rites,
 Or punning ill, or—some such thing ;

From whence it can be fairly trac'd
 Through many a branch and many a bough,
 From twig to twig, until it grac'd
 The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you,
 O Tunbridge ! and your springs ironical;
 I swear by H—thc—te's eyes of blue
 To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
 Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
 And Charles's loves in H—thc—te live,
 And Charles's bards revive in Rogers !

Let no pedantic fools be there,
 For ever be those fops abolish'd,
 With heads as wooden as thy ware,
 And, Heaven knows ! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
 The few, who know the rare delight
 Of reading Grammont every day,
 And acting Grammont every night !

TO

NEVER mind how the pedagogue proses,
 You want not antiquity's stamp ;
 The lip, that's so scented by roses,
 Oh ! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
 Have long set the loves at defiance,
 Now, done with the science of blisses,
 May fly to the blisses of science !

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
 Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
 Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments
 Which wiser Corinna had felt,

But for *you* to be buried in books—
 Oh, FANNY ! they're pitiful sages,
 Who could not in *one* of your looks
 Read more than in millions of pages !

Q q

Astronomy finds in your eye
 Better light than she studies above,
 And Music must borrow your sigh,
 As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
 In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
 Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
 And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
 When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
 But Eloquence glows on your lip
 When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
 Of arts is assembled in you—
 A course of more exquisite science
 Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh!—if a fellow like me
 May confer a diploma of hearts,
 With my lip thus I seal your decree,
 My divine little Mistress of Arts!

EXTRACT *

FROM

"THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS."

ΤΙ ΚΑΚΟΝ 'Ο ΓΕΛΩΣ;

Chrysostom. Homil. in Epist. ad Hebræos.

* * *

BUT, whither have these gentle ones,
 The rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
 With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
 Led my truant brains a dancing?
 Instead of wise encomiastics
 Upon the Doctors and Scholastics,
 Polymaths and Polyhistor's,
 Polyglotts—and all their sisters,
 The instant I have got the whim in,
 Off I fly with nuns and women,

* The volume has already been so unnecessarily protracted, that I give but an extract from this Poem, and shall, for the present, suppress the notes.

Like epic poets, ne'er at ease,
Until I've stol'n "in medias res!"

So have I known a hopeful youth
Sit down in quest of lore and truth,
With tomes sufficient to confound him,
Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,
Mamurra stuck to Theophrastus,
And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus!
When lo! while all that's learn'd and wise
Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,
And through the window of his study
Beholds a virgin fair and ruddy,
With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him, as
The angel's were on Hieronymus,
Saying 'twas just as sweet to kiss her—oh!
Far more sweet than reading Cicero!
Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
Old Homer's laurell'd brow is batter'd,
And Sappho's skin to Tully's leather,
All are confus'd and tost together!
Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
Oh woman! for thy lovelier page:
Sweet book! unlike the books of art,
Whose errors are thy fairest part;
In whom, the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume!

But, to begin my subject rhyme—
 'Twas just about this devilish time,
 When scarce there happen'd any frolics,
 That were not done by Diabolics,
 A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
 Who woman scorn'd, nor knew the use of her,
 A branch of Dagon's family,
 (Which Dagon, whether He or She,
 Is a dispute that vastly better is
 Referr'd to Scaliger et cæteris)
 Finding that, in this cage of fools,
 The wisest sots adorn the schools,
 Took it at once his head Satanic in,
 To grow a great scholastic mannikin,
 A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
 Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,
 Lully, Hales irrefragabilis,
 Or any doctor of the rabble is !
 In languages, the Polyglotts,
 Compar'd to him, were Babel sots;
 He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
 Sanhedrim and priest included,
 Priest and holy Sanhedrim
 Were one-and-seventy fools to him !
 But chief the learned dæmon felt a
 Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
 That, all for Greek and learning's glory,
 He nightly tippled " Græco more,"

And never paid a bill or balance,
 Except upon the Grecian Kalends,
 From whence your scholars, when they want tick,
 Say, to be At-tick's to be on tick !
 In logics, he was quite Ho Panu !*
 Knew as much as ever man knew.
 He fought the combat syllogistic,
 With so much skill and art eristic,
 That, though you were the learned Stagyrte
 At once upon the hip he had you right !
 Sometimes indeed his speculations
 Were view'd as dangerous innovations.
 As thus—the Doctor's house did harbour a
 Sweet blooming girl, whose name was Barbara :
 Oft when his heart was in a merry key,
 He taught this maid his esoterica,
 And sometimes, as a cure for hectics,
 Would lecture her in dialectics.
 How far their zeal let him and her go
 Before they came to sealing Ergo,
 Or how they plac'd the medius terminus,
 Our chronicles do not determine us ;
 But so it was—by some confusion
 In this their logical prælusion,
 The Doctor wholly spoil'd, they say,
 The figure† of young Barbara ;

* 'O PANU.

† The first figure of simple syllogisms, to which Barbara belongs, together with Celarent, Darii, and Ferio.

And thus, by many a snare sophistic,
 And enthymeme paralogistic,
 Beguil'd a maid, who could not give,
 To save her life, a negative.*
 In music, though he had no ears,
 Except for that amongst the spheres,
 (Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
 He dearly lov'd, 'cause no one heard it)
 Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
 Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
 And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
 The ratios of a jig or aria.
 But, as for all your warbling Delias,
 Orpheuses and Saint Cecillas,
 He own'd he thought them much surpast
 By that redoubted Hyaloclast,†
 Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
 Where'er he went, to crack a bottle!

Likewise to shew his mighty knowledge, he
 On things unknown in physiology
 Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
 Like that great little man, Albertus;

* Because the three propositions in the mood of Barbara are universal affirmatives.

† Or Glass-Breaker.—Morhofius has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work published 1682. "De vitreo scypho fracto, &c."

Wherein he shew'd the reason why,
 When children first are heard to cry,
 If boy the baby chance to be,
 He cries O A !—if girl, O E !—
 They are, says he, exceeding fair hints
 Respecting their first sinful parents ;
 “ Oh Eve ! ” exclaimeth little madam,
 While little master cries, “ Oh Adam ! ”

In point of science astronomical,
 It seem'd to him extremely comical
 That, once a year, the frolic sun
 Should call at Virgo's house for fun,
 And stop a month, and blaze around her !
 Yet leave her Virgo as he found her !
 But, 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,
 Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks.
 He held that sunshine passes quicker
 Through wine than any other liquor ;
 That glasses are the best utensils
 To catch the eye's bewilder'd pencils ;
 And though he saw no great objection
 To steady light and pure reflection,
 He thought the aberrating rays,
 Which play about a bumper's blaze,
 Were by the Doctors look'd, in common, on
 As a more rare and rich phenomenon !
 He wisely said that the sensorium
 Is for the eyes a great emporium,

To which these noted picture-stealers
 Send all they can, and meet with dealers.
 In many an optical proceeding
 The brain, he said, shew'd great good-breeding;
 For instance, when we ogle women,
 (A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in)
 Although the dears are apt to get in a
 Strange position on the retina,
 Yet instantly the modest brain
 Doth set them on their legs again !*

Our doctor thus, with "stuff'd sufficiency"
 Of all omnigenous omniscency,
 Began (as who would not begin,
 That had, like him, so much within ?)
 To let it out in books of all sorts,
 Folios, quartos, large and small sorts ;
 Poems, so very grave and sensible,
 That they were quite incomprehensible ;
 Prose, which had been at Learning's Fair,
 And bought up all the trumpery there,
 The tatter'd rags of every vest,
 In which the Greeks and Romans drest;

* Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina, a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium.

And, o'er her figure swoln and antic
 Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
 That those, who saw the fits she had,
 Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad !
 Epics he wrote, and scores of rebusses,
 All as neat as old Turnebusses ;
 Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
 Grammars, prayer books—oh ! 'twere tedious,
 Did I but tell the half, to follow me,
 Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
 No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
 (Whose writings all, thank heaven! have miss'd us)
 E'er fill'd with lumber such a ware-room
 As this great "porcus literarum!"

* * *

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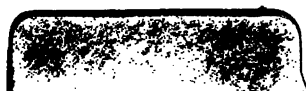
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